

# NOTES FROM NATURE'S LYRE

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# Notes from Nature's Lyre

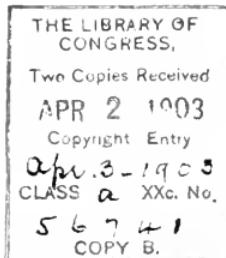
By  
Howard Beck Reed



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HOWARD BECK REED

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## DEDICATION

WHOM better, dearest, could I dedicate  
These verses to  
Than you, who from my earliest date  
The longing drew  
To thank you for that patient love and  
sweet,  
Uplifting me  
To higher, higher spheres, to be more meet  
For loving thee?

One day I, dearest, plucked for you  
A bunch of heather-bells,  
But, looking, found them wet with dew.  
I feared they were not fit to give,  
You said it was the damp that made them  
live,  
Those drops from sorrow's wells.

These simple songs in love I made  
A tribute small for you.  
But unwept memories soon will fade,  
And true I found these wet with tears.

You took them, praised them, sweetly  
smoothed my fears  
And dried my teared eyes too.

Take, I know thou wilt never chide,  
'T is not like thee;  
But open arms with mother's pride  
These beggared, plaintive poems bide  
As thou dost me.

And all I am or e'er will be  
I owe to thee,  
Who if my heart sometimes must weep  
Woulds't give thy life those tears to keep!  
They 're not from thee,

MY MOTHER.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	xi
INVOCATION OF THE MUSES . . . . .	1
INSPIRATION . . . . .	3
INVITATION TO NATURE-STUDY . . . . .	7
SEÑORITA JUANA . . . . .	13

## SEASONS

LAY TO THE WEST WIND . . . . .	47
A RESTLESS SUMMER EVENING . . . . .	50
WINTER . . . . .	52
THE BREAKING OF THE BUDS . . . . .	53
THE CHRISTMAS TREE . . . . .	55
PROPHECIES OF SPRING . . . . .	57
MY FLOCKS . . . . .	58
FROST . . . . .	60
'T IS TIME THE THRUSH TRAVELS HOME . . . . .	62
THE GRASSHOPPERS . . . . .	64
THE FIREFLY . . . . .	66
THE BROKEN BOUGH'S LAMENT . . . . .	68
MY VALENTINE . . . . .	73
THE LABORER'S SONG . . . . .	75
NEW YEAR'S EVE . . . . .	77
A DULL DAY . . . . .	78
A SUMMER SHOWER . . . . .	80
A PRISONER . . . . .	82
A BUTTERFLY . . . . .	84

## Contents

SCATTERED PETALS			
			PAGE
THE SPEECHLESS SERMON	.	.	89
MUSIC	.	.	95
THE DEVON COAST	.	.	97
THE SAILOR'S STORY	.	.	99
THE TALE OF TAWAH	.	.	102
AN INDIAN SAGA OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS	.	.	108
ALIENI TEMPORIS FLORES	.	.	112
ONLY A WHITE ROSE	.	.	119
A SONG OF THE SOUTH	.	.	121
THE CHARM OF THE BROOK	.	.	123
DYING DANNIE	.	.	125
THE ATLANTIC	.	.	128
SHAKESPEARE	.	.	131
HIDDEN SORROW	.	.	133
A PAINTING BY A FRIEND	.	.	136
SIMPLE WORSHIP	.	.	138
AT TWILIGHT	.	.	140
THE AMOEBA	.	.	141
THE WHIP-POOR-WILL	.	.	142
THE HILLS OF CLIFTON, ENGLAND	.	.	144
ECCLESIASTES XI., I	.	.	146
THE PHYSICIAN	.	.	147
ON THE RIVER	.	.	148
A WINDY DAY	.	.	150
OUR MARTYRED STATESMAN	.	.	151
LORD, GIVE US CHEER	.	.	154
A NATURE PARADOX	.	.	155
'T IS PROFITABLE	.	.	156
THE HERMIT-THRUSH	.	.	157
VICTORIA	.	.	159
LONGFELLOW	.	.	160
THE FOREST FIRE	.	.	162
A TEXT FOR THOUGHT	.	.	165

## Contents

vii

	PAGE
THE CYNIC . . . . .	166
SPEAKING . . . . .	168
LOUIS J. AGASSIZ . . . . .	170
LOST IN THE WOODS . . . . .	172
THE VIOLIN . . . . .	173
MANDOLIN MEMORIES . . . . .	177
SLEEPING BEAUTY ON THE LAKE . . . . .	179
THE STORM NEAR THE CORNISH COAST . . . . .	181
THE SARGOSSA SEA . . . . .	182
THIS BAB-EL-MANDEB . . . . .	183
FORGET-ME-NOT . . . . .	184
ZOOLOGY . . . . .	186
THE MATCH BOY . . . . .	188
THE WRECK . . . . .	191
THE HEAVENLY SOLDIER'S HOPE . . . . .	193
A TRAGEDY . . . . .	194
"MEDITATION, DAY AND NIGHT" . . . . .	196
DESPAIR NOT . . . . .	197
EULOGY . . . . .	198
THE SARACEN TO HIS SWORD . . . . .	200
THE MEXICAN MAID . . . . .	201
THE MEETING-HOUSE . . . . .	203
DREAMS . . . . .	206
HIDDEN BEAUTY . . . . .	208
BOATING SONG . . . . .	209
NATURE'S OWN NATION . . . . .	210
PRAYER . . . . .	212
THE OCEAN OF LIFE . . . . .	213
THE HAPPY DEAD . . . . .	215
UNLOVED . . . . .	217
GEOLIC MAN . . . . .	220
I LOVE HIM YET . . . . .	222
To LOVE . . . . .	223
MY MOTHER . . . . .	224
ROMAN RELICS IN ENGLAND . . . . .	225

## Contents

---

	PAGE
FATHER . . . . .	228
A STONE FROM SOLOMON'S TEMPLE . . . . .	229
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIECE OF COAL . . . . .	232
A NAME . . . . .	235
VOICES . . . . .	236

## SONNETS

FRIENDSHIP . . . . .	239
FUTURITY . . . . .	244
WESTMINSTER ABBEY . . . . .	247
CHILDREN . . . . .	248
WOMAN . . . . .	249
MILTON . . . . .	250
FAREWELL . . . . .	253
WHAT A POEM IS . . . . .	255
FICKLE GOLD . . . . .	256
A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE BUT BREEDS DESIRE . . . . .	257
"THE SPARROW" . . . . .	258
YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW . . . . .	259
WALES . . . . .	262
FRANCE . . . . .	263
LIFE . . . . .	264
DANTE . . . . .	265
BOTANY . . . . .	266
MELANCHOLY . . . . .	267
THE ANT . . . . .	269
MY BOOKS . . . . .	270
SOLITUDE . . . . .	271
BEN NEVIS, SCOTLAND . . . . .	272
MY JONATHAN . . . . .	273
THE FARMER . . . . .	274
THE WISTARIA . . . . .	275
MY MOODS . . . . .	276

FROM THE KETTLE ON THE CRANE PAGE

FROM THE KETTLE ON THE CRANE . . . . .	281
WHEN PUSSY PURRS . . . . .	284
THE PHONOGRAPH . . . . .	286
AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS . . . . .	288
MY ENLISTING . . . . .	290
THE FAMILY CLOCK . . . . .	291
WAIT . . . . .	293
READING . . . . .	295
TWILIGHT ON THE FARM . . . . .	297
WHY? . . . . .	300
IGNORANT EMIGRATION . . . . .	303

## JOTS FOR LITTLE TOTS

BABYLAND . . . . .	307
THE BUMBLE-BEES' SONG . . . . .	309
A CHILDREN'S SURPRISE PARTY . . . . .	310
WHAT BABY SAW . . . . .	312
ULLABY . . . . .	313
MY WORK IS DONE . . . . .	315
BABY AND THE CATERPILLAR . . . . .	317
BABY'S SKY . . . . .	319
THE MOTHERLESS DOLL . . . . .	321
FLY AWAY HOME . . . . .	323
THE HOME OF THE THRUSH . . . . .	324

## TRIFLES

EPITAPH TO MY VERSES . . . . .	329
OUR INHERITANCE . . . . .	330
THE SHEARS OF ATROPOS . . . . .	331
MY FIREPLACE . . . . .	332
SAMBO'S TROUBLES . . . . .	333
THE LITERATURE OF THE SEA-BEACH . . . . .	335
LOGARITHMS . . . . .	337
ODE TO JOHN JONES . . . . .	338



## INTRODUCTION

MANKIND owes an inestimable debt to God for His terrestrial gifts which surround us, as well as for His heavenly ones which are to come. In the preparation for the enjoying of the future ones the logical way is to notice and appreciate those which now exist. It is not well for even the most ambitious to overlook in scorn the caterpillar of earthly graces while putting forth his utmost efforts in attempting to grasp the fleeing butterfly of the future. The one is the gradual development of the other, and that which has grown slowly is generally more perfectly formed than that which has developed quickly. But aside from its obligatory character—and man is rarely inclined to meet an obligation—there is a something innate in every one that prompts a study of nature, an irresistible drawing toward the beauty and wonderfulness of creation. And if a man so neglect this incentive as to give the natural beauties of his home but a cursory glance,

he misses one half that which this life holds in store for him. We have used appreciation and study as synonymous terms, and are they not nearly so? What can we understand fully enough to give it proper value unless we study it part by part until we understand every component? And study with this aim in view is not irksome, it is more a recreation than a work. On the other hand, what can we study unless we have enough appreciation of its worth to add interest and to overcome its apparent homeliness?

What do we understand by this nature-study? Is it to become, like Timon of Athens, an anchorite and bury oneself from the world? Not at all; it simply means an open eye and a retentive mind while passing through that strip of wood, or a listening ear eager for the song of the robin or the thrush as we in the transaction of our business pass along some country road. There is no need of depositing the grand sentiment of sociology and becoming a recluse. Unconditional solitude is but for the shipwrecked sailor or the misanthropist. For the latter we feel a hearty sympathy, who, disdaining all social pleasures, keeps company but with himself, and that self is sufficient cause to make him

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sick of the world. We mean one who whenever the chance is given puts himself in touch with the unartificial world.

But not wishing to weary you with a thesis from a prejudiced mind, let us briefly review a few blessings that nature-study gives us. In the alembic of the free woods all base metals of character are changed into the pure gold of noble living. And this effect, gained from being in the great forest, is similarly found in that small clump of trees, perhaps your only available glimpse of nature. Nearly the same birds have their choir-stand there, and certainly the same rule governs the growing of the flowers and the trees. And even if it be but a potted plant in your window, there is material for your natural study. In the forest there seems to be a certain element which city air has not; one feels his heart throb with inspiration and joy; he is practically a new man. And not only is there a marked exuberance of spirits, but he feels himself literally elevated in his very being. His heart grows tender toward humanity in general. Many a dis honorable business scheme has been dis countenanced and forestalled during an outing in the woods; it is no place for unseemly

thoughts and we are almost awed if they encroach upon our attention. And this brotherly love is not fleeting; the man who pays most attention to the non-dissembling side of the world seems to possess the greatest quantity of this homely but valued quality. All the virtues might be shown to grow in the same way from nature-study, but we think it sufficient to mention only this one; for of all the commandments, "Love thy neighbor" is the most important, with the exception of the first, and to that we shall for a moment direct our attention.

Not only does this appreciative study elevate us morally, but spiritually are we lifted in wonder from Nature to Nature's God. For that should be the object of all study. There has never been a thinker who has brought the motives of the actions of objects, whether in the inanimate or animate world, to a tangible form. All phenomena can be traced to a certain point and there our discernment fails us. Therefore is it a perfectly natural result and one that is compatible with the character of even the most practical scientist to leave the research as completed and refer the cause of the phenomena under question to the Maker. And

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is it not a sufficient incentive to nature-study, when man declares that he is finite and lacking in knowledge, but God infinite and omniscient? And everywhere we seem to hear from Nature the psalms of praise to the Creator, and from every twig and every blade, every mount and every glade, we seem to hear those dear words of exhortation spoken by our Maker and drawn from Nature, "Flee as a bird to your mountain."

HOWARD BECK REED.



## INVOCATION OF THE MUSES

O MUSE, lend me thy tuneful lyre,  
Save me a single string of fire  
From harp you kindly gave, entire,  
To him who wrought "The Thoughtful  
Man"  
And others of a kin. Inspire  
One little line to live so long  
As marvellous fame of forenamed song,  
That wisdom shrinks a wondrous wealth  
Within a space so small. If mind  
Can't catch from one of Nine by stealth  
A single song, canst thou not find  
A Tenth I pray, Pierides?  
And dub her Mea as a name  
With Latin meaning meant. The same  
Initiate my pensive pen  
With Nature's notes, that I 'mong men  
May bear the joy-emburdened hymn  
Thou teachest tuneful thrush and lark;  
That I may show to others Him,  
And lifting from the blinding dark,

2      Invocation of the Muses

---

Point through transparent Nature-veil  
Where God, Creator, sits as did  
At first, while watching power prevail,  
The Master Mind pronounced it good.  
He shaped the whirling wings of fire,  
And flung the floods to quench that fire;  
Triumphant taught the watery tide  
Respect, and bade retire to rest  
In place apart. There, raging wide,  
Sore piqued to see the lording land  
Uplift its head above their waves,  
Twice, thrice, victorious warfare planned.  
A long time Earth and Sea now strive  
At hide-and-seek. Till God from place  
Of watching other planets form,  
To please gave each allotted space.  
Erato, Clio, now inform  
My mind with art, and power bequeath,  
In songs the faithful fragrance breathe  
That winds waft wastefully from the flowers:  
And trace my page with tree that towers  
Above the wealthy wood. So paint  
My work that many raptured seek  
From mirrored image mine, though faint  
The beauties, copied made so weak.

## INSPIRATION

ALONG the banks of bubbling brooks  
I wander, while my searching eye  
Is bent discussing green-knolled nooks  
Or silver-shining streams, that fly  
Before mine eye in endless chain,  
As scroll slips through, in thinking skein  
With wire-born words, the Ticker wise;  
Improvèd child of telegraph.  
Where Nature in repose e'er lies,—  
The black *Piceus*<sup>1</sup> ploughs his path,  
Distastefully flings from armored back  
The water scarce his sphere. The track  
Of thirsty deer and wildcat 's here.

What thoughts are these in love so clear  
But to expression tightly bound?  
O Muses! make a magic force  
To turn my thought to meaning sound,  
Convert my words, so tiring hoarse,

<sup>1</sup> *Hydropheus piceus*,—a large beetle that dwells in the water but is a very clumsy swimmer. It does seem as though it was not intended for an aquatic insect.

To music sweet and clear. Each eve  
Of summer brings to me a breeze,  
With notes that sweet sonatas weave  
On delicate keys, the leaves of trees.  
Each eve of winter howls the wind  
When unwonted opposition 's lined  
In antique-fashioned fireplace grim,  
It noisily climbs the chimney's side  
With wrathful whispers or howls of pain  
As driven back by heat inside;  
Then fitfully flings itself in rage  
Upon the shadow of the fire  
Reflected on the window-pane. They bring  
Not lines as from a Lydian lyre,  
But rugged pibroch of Scotland sing.  
As comrades in a war are drawn  
To closer love from common risk  
And perils shared, the fire and I  
Grow dearer friends and oftener seek  
Each other's company. Birds fly,  
As legend-like with naughty tales  
To mother's ears, to me with news;  
With news that never fails.  
I love to read this simple ruse:  
They bring within their bills a sign,  
A whisp of hay, a twig of vine.  
A stem that 's not outgrown its green  
Brings the tidings of the spring,

And birds that South have wintering been,  
And now search stuff for home-building.  
But stem of age that 's burnished brown,  
Lost from their beaks comes fluttering down,  
In silence heralds the new-mown hay,  
The reaping-reign of autumn day.  
The moon when bathing all in light  
Bright argent-hued, or muffed in mist,  
Or blanketed from Terra's sight  
With banks of choking clouds. Dismissed  
From Earth yet starry-coronet crowned,  
In double form the queen of night,  
Does Cassiopeia gather round  
A retinue, displacing her  
Oft given the regal-rule of night.  
But both bow down with obeisance due  
At my imagination's throne,  
From godly power in mercy loan  
The themes that hold in tenure tight  
Attention of my inmost soul,  
Unable quite though wish would write.  
From God's creation as a whole  
Moves most mysterious force, so full  
Of messages unseen, unheard,  
Must e'en unwritten be. Our furred  
And feathered friends know when to nest,  
And when to seek securer seats,  
And when to 'scape the storm that 's dressed

Not yet within its wrecking winds.  
Yet busy man knows naught to do  
Or how 't is done. Nor can construe  
The thrills that Nature e'er inspires,  
As wisdom-waiting world inquires.  
When summer zephyrs softly sigh,  
Or winter's roaring wind blows high,  
Minerva, goddess of the mind  
And, too, by many more enshrined  
Of Science, poesy, and arts,  
Give power to stay the force that starts  
With minute moves my sluggish mind.  
My faculties, let Nature find  
Attentive as the crowd that heard  
Italian Zeno wise propound  
His master's thought, Parmenides.  
With zeal let all my Life be crowned  
Translating Nature-mysteries.

## INVITATION TO NATURE-STUDY

NATURE pleadingly calls from her beautiful bowers,  
From her sweetly entrancing schools,  
Where the pens are the sunbeams, and the  
books are the flowers,  
And her ink stands as rain in the pools.

All the year, as she calls for more pupils, she  
paints  
Pretty pictures on each flowery page;  
To seduce to her school those whose interest  
is cool,  
And to give us who love her our wage.

By the sweetest refrains of the birds she  
invites,  
By the singing of stream and of brook,  
And the stars, the entrancing play-suns of the  
nights,  
Are prospectus, she asks you to look.

## 8 Invitation to Nature-Study

---

When the winter's cold session is on there 's  
the snow,—

Cotton-plant of the sky, dropping leaves,  
Holding pentagram marvels whose tale you  
should know,

And the tree-covering carpet of wonder  
it weaves :—

When the streamlets are guarded by glass  
window-panes,

Where they shivering wait for the rains ;  
But they 're happy, so happy they cannot  
forget,

Though asleep, Nature 's guarding them  
yet.

'T is in winter, enthroned o'er the scenery  
sublime

In her grandest attire, Nature reigns ;  
As she audience gives, in this stern, courtly  
time,

With dew-jewels they construct for her  
fanés.

Beauty's fanés that are formed by the  
feathery snow-flakes,

That, reflecting the light, look like minia-  
ture moons ;

In their flight through the kingdom of stars  
each one takes  
Of star-form and starlight. Where are  
lovelier festoons?

Then there 's spring, when the winter is  
wearing away,  
When the sunbeams awake for their play;  
And they knock on that tiny brown cell  
'neath the fence,  
Where all winter it clung for defense.

Soon a hole 's in it seen, then a head slow  
appears,  
That is followed by legs and four wings.  
Have the sunbeams made true the Greek-  
storied Sun-Gods?  
Is 't a child of Apollo with too many  
wings?

And the wings it unwraps, they are wet, I  
believe;  
Have the sunbeams it brought on their  
waves?  
For we 're told that the light from the sun,  
like a sea  
Travels down to the earth washed by  
waves.

## 10 Invitation to Nature-Study

---

'T is a moth, he 's forerunner of millions to come,

And the bees with their heart-happy hum  
Join in song with the moths, though the latter are dumb,

'T is a truth, there are hymns oft from mouths that are mum.

All the trees, tired of garments of white, dress in green;

On the branch where the snow-buds have been

And have burst into leaves, if we search, may be seen

Many birds both of blue, and of red, and of green.

Now the spring is of summer the plan—not matured—

Nature 's setting the scene for the act  
That contains her best thought, the most interesting part,

Through the luring of spring thus she wins us by tact.

On the stage of the summer she shows us results

Of the laboring year that is flown;

## Invitation to Nature-Study 11

---

And creation with friends, Nature's pupils,  
exults  
At the progress of work that is shown.

In her temples of oak and of pine and of  
beech  
Gives her baccalaureate speech,  
And a choir of sweet voices invisible sings  
The class ode of the birds and the springs.

In the autumn we leave our school tasks in  
the past,  
And enter in business at last;  
With the lessons we 've learned in the seasons  
of toil  
To harvest the fruits of our soil.

Won't you come to this sweetly entrancing  
school  
From the city and stifling crowd,  
To the far-reaching woods so refreshing and  
cool,  
And where wandering is ever allowed?

See, it 's teeming with wonders that cannot  
be told!  
Just a glance and she charms with her  
power,

## 12 Invitation to Nature-Study

---

As each moment new-founded mysteries  
unfold  
That hypnotic smooth over many an  
hour.

Come, view what He has given,  
The beauteous gifts of God.  
All joy is not for Heaven  
And the earth for chastening rod,  
For Nature 's beauty-clad  
And smiling with happiness.  
Yes, she will make you glad,  
While the Maker, He will bless.

## SEÑORITA JUANA

### CANTO I.

'T WAS twilight time, when day and  
night contend  
On even terms for darkness or for light,  
And struggling softly, silently, they  
lend  
Vistas of brightness overtrimmed with  
night.  
As clinging cloudlets cluster round the  
sky  
Peep out from the dark when a storm  
is nigh.

Thus at the close of a hot, hot day  
Soft steeped in the shadows Mitla lay,  
A spot in the drear plain's dry waste  
10. Where Oaxaca's road, as the story  
reads,  
To the old Cortez-conceived city leads.  
This Aztec temple, pre-pyramid born,  
Now stands of all its former beauty  
shorn,

A shapely pile of walls and pillars hoar  
That dreams of Past but hears its song  
no more;

A meteor from the distant heights of  
Past

That, rushing through its friction, finds  
at last

A cool and restful refuge from all strife,  
Bathed in all peace since now it 's lived  
its life.

20. Against a mossy pillar, moonbeam lit,  
As graceful as on the flowers serene  
The azure Asteriae sweets-sipping sit,  
A Mexican maid does listening lean.  
Brushes 'way the hair that, jet black,  
Unfettered, pads the hard supporting-  
back,  
Thus clears to view the faultless fore-  
head broad,  
Subtends the dreamy, drinking eyes,  
now awed  
By the holy place, in sleeping silence  
bathed.  
And the red lips so delicately lathed
30. That with two trickling tears were  
bathed,  
Quivering, bespoke the fear she felt  
unshown.

At last an approaching footstep heard,  
And a figure stepped where the moon-  
light shone,  
And "Juana, Juana," gently called,  
she heard.

She moved to meet him with motion  
as light

As a fourth-year osier by breeze is bent.  
Love's greeting past, he speaks in voice  
so slight

She closer clings to catch the word,  
silent,

Attentive, as only from Love's lexicon  
is learnt.

40. "Before the sun o'er Orizaba's peak  
Doth climb leave I, my fortune, yours,  
to seek.

(Sweet Juana, how can I from thee  
depart,

The nearest and the dearest to my  
heart?)

The dangers of the wilds have I to  
meet;

May the Holy Mother guide my feet!  
But the padre"—dark flashed his angry  
eye—

"Hath driven me from the nest to live  
or die,

He cares not. My folks forbade me to  
come

Or be seen near yours, near Juana's  
home.

50. But when I rich in gold and honor am,  
Answer they all to Leon de Tamat-  
quam."

Darker came his eye and knowing laid  
his hand

On jewelled hilt, in belt the richest in  
the land.

"Leon, must you really so soon de-  
part?"

Asked she with tearful eye and heavy  
heart.

"Why shouldst thou go at all, Leon,  
from home,

Through barbarous lands and countless  
dangers roam?

Why not the padre, who bades for  
best, please

And marry the wealthy Donna Du-  
quese?"

60. Her lips lisped "Yes," but her heart  
heard "No."

"Señorita!"

"'T is best, Leon, for us to part I  
know,

For I a simple market maid at best,  
And you a prince, so Fate hath formed  
our nest.

I know thou lovest me well and that to  
part

Would mar your future, hide your  
happiness.

List, Leon, how strange seems this  
truth untold:

That if we love, with love whose great  
deepness

To our unthinking friends cannot be  
seen

70. They think that we but for a moment  
lean,

And 'tween our aching hearts a hand  
they thrust

And then that we forget it soon they  
trust;

Little aware that we for hence are dead  
As we have lost Life's little golden  
thread.

Ah, may the Lord forgive for lives  
they took;

What thinkest thou, Caro, must a part-  
ing look

We take and go our separate ways  
alone?

Let love not speak but thought for it  
atone.

For oft we must an act for duty do  
So. That is adverse and may for us bring  
rue."

He answered not, but took her in his  
arms,

Where she her brave words soon for-  
got; in arms

She nestled and never a word was  
passed,

But in such times a look has meaning  
vast.

Then softly disengaged his hold and  
spoke:

"Mia Carissima, I must now fly  
As does the downy dove for food, so I  
My Juana leave. But listen, Love, to  
me:

'Fore the autumn feast is for harvest  
spread

90. (If Mother Mary minds my *miserere*)  
In just six months return I thee to  
wed."

Then held her close and whispered  
words to soothe,

To try their parting's sorrow thus to  
smooth.

Then kissed and with a sob said last  
adieu,  
Strode sadly on, and soon was lost to  
view.  
Juana sighed soft and homeward made  
her way  
Just as the sky hung out the sign of  
day,  
And dark reluctant, leaving Mitla's  
side,  
Gave way to gray, that soon was lost to  
glide  
100. To the deeper blue that marks the  
nearing morn,  
In other light the ruins to adorn.

## CANTO II.

With heavy heart did Juana now pro-  
ceed  
To her meagre little hut, where she  
alone  
With widowed mother lived, too poor  
indeed  
The proverbial sombrero and horse to  
own.  
But fate decreed that she in her sorrow  
Should not be left in peace, for 'fore

She reached the tiny yard the first in row  
That stood before the huts in number  
four,  
There stepped in Juana's path a man,  
mid-aged,  
10. Whose dress bespoke a soldier, and the  
coat  
Of blue was marked on sleeve with  
captain's bars.  
But from his eye a gleam there shot  
that mars  
The best impression gained by noble  
clothes,  
And there was something of the snake  
in pose  
That tends the doubting mind to rise  
and stand  
'Tween hate and friendship; one who  
we our hand  
'T were better at his throat than in his  
palm.  
Then Juana saw and stopped, near lost  
her calm,  
For well she knew that James McCreer  
no good  
20. To any maiden of her caste could do.  
He spoke, his voice the same struck on  
her ear

As sight of subtile cobra's awful hood.  
In accents soft he asks about her home  
Which might, had she such sorrow not  
    to stand,  
In her mind him raise to a loftier dome.  
Ah, now these words increased sorrow's  
    demand  
And his ensuing words but to her gave  
Chaos, as though she stood in some  
    closed cave  
'Mid oceans of noise whose vibrating  
    waves

30. Beat the ear as billows on a sandy shore  
    Unceasing in heaps the sand-like sound  
        paves.  
And with a sob she passed from out his  
    sight,  
So great her grief, looked not to left or  
    right  
Till on her poor, hard bed herself she flung  
And, as we all sometimes, her sorrows  
    sung.  
Juana rose at nine from sleepless bed  
    With sign of suffering in eyes of red,  
But passed her mother's fond and anx-  
    ious gaze  
With a kiss and set about to cook their  
    maize.

40. Their simple meal in silence deep was  
spent,  
For Juana's thoughts but to Leon were  
lent.  
But he she slighted on return spent no  
Such sober hours; when met at dawn  
he 'd just  
From all night drink with many a quar-  
rel and blow,  
Now angered at the girl's unhid distrust,  
He thought of one he hoped could give  
him aid.  
And while he walked his rage in oaths  
he said,  
And switched the slender sabadilla  
leaves  
As at a foe. This friend where now he  
went

50. Was he who owned and held the house  
for rent  
That Juana occupied. And here he  
learned  
That which he on his way so much had  
yearned:  
Behind in rent, he had them at his  
power.  
A formal edict passed (while Justice  
slept

Her scales were transferred to her eyes),  
out stept  
Poor Juana and her madre old; their  
pride  
(They were not peons born) upheld  
them well.

But at the sale when McCreer gained  
her side,

The poor girl understood the workings  
well,

60. But once again refused to give him ear.  
Now dragged a time too full of suffering  
deep  
To disgrace by numbering for amuse-  
ment's sake.

In the market was sustenance eked out  
dear  
With work and tear. How Juana  
robbed from sleep

In prayer for help: If Leon were only  
here!

One day while selling tamales in the  
street

Señora de Tamatquam passed that way.  
She stopped the coach, with gold and  
lace replete,

And smiled at her in sweetest motherly  
way.

70. She 'd never met the maid whom Leon  
loved  
And knew not this was she. 'T is hard  
to say,  
But she was also like an April day,  
That darkens, storms, while yet the sun  
is seen,  
For proud, o'erbearing was her mien.  
But Juana, glad to meet a friendly  
aid,  
Made courtesy, held the tray for her to  
buy.  
Señora, struck with bearing of the  
maid,  
Stepped from her coach, and yet she  
knew not why.  
"Mia Cara, wouldest like to work for  
me?"

80. Ah, would she! Now her madre need  
but rest.  
She answered "Yes" with eager childish  
glee.  
How oft by some mirage we 're has-  
tened on,  
By some base metal led to think it  
gold,  
And when it 's gained we feverish plead  
and pawn

To secure the sage's stone, alembic  
mold,  
That shapes mere brass to highest  
valued gold.  
She stepped within the coach as in a  
trance,  
As when from theatre's charm we reach  
the street  
'T is like the action of a dream. Maid  
Chance  
90. For several weeks seemed well to guide  
her feet  
In reformation's path. The señora sel-  
dom seen,  
The others kind to her, could Juana  
glean  
A comfort life for madre and herself.  
But ah, that Maid clothed like a Comus-  
elf  
Could naught but trifle if she would.  
One day  
While Juana was at knitting 'gaged  
She felt the charm, the silent, secret  
sway  
Of being watched, and glancing from  
her work,  
She starts in terror joined with strange  
surprise:—

100. Señora like an angry jaguar stands,  
Her eyes ablaze, her hands tight  
clenched; her size  
Seemed godly in its passioned height;  
her hands  
Outstretched, she spake in hoarse and  
choking tones:  
“That ring, thou wretched peon, who  
gave thee that?  
Little thought that I a thief had here  
enthroned!”  
At “thief,” that word a challenge  
world around,  
Glanced Juana at her hand and circlet  
there  
By Leon placed and their betrothal  
crowned.  
And with the force of nobleness all  
bear

110. Who sorrow o'er a severed love if true,  
Threw back señora's glance, who could  
but stare,  
And then her eyes fell as the other's  
grew  
And flamed from character of truth  
and pure.  
“My birth 's as good as yours, Señora,  
you 're

The thief who steals from life two persons' joy.

How dost thou answer to thy God?

Your boy

Was given you to make happy, how,

How is this duty done? Is your own mind

So potent in its thought as not to bow

120. Before the heart whose promptings are from God?"

With that she left the house pride-wounded shod.

Señora sat long deep engaged in thought;

Already something nearly love had wrought

For Juana deep regard. The love that he

The victim feels when truthful nobleness

Is led to speak his wrath. Señor at tea

When sat the lonesome two heard her confess;

And wounded pride was nearly overruled

By sorrow caused by son's forced leave from home.

130. And so, if now it could be done, they  
schooled  
Themselves to all forget. How oft we  
roam  
Regretful, in the after years, and look  
To help the woe we 've caused by  
thoughtless word!  
But already Juana had the town for-  
sook,  
Of her could not the slightest trace be  
heard.

## CANTO III.

'T was midway 'tween the noontime  
and the eve,  
When daylight, cloyed with sight of  
striving earth,  
Seems to grow weary and attempts to  
weave  
A cloud-web o'er the dazzling sun,  
whose dearth  
Of sympathy makes suffering so intense  
Within the tropic clime, it cooler grows,  
And light is partially dimmed by fleecy  
fence.  
'T was in this meagre respite from the  
heat,—

For the Peruvian night is worse than day,

10. Her blanket thrown o'er Nature head and feet  
Is stifling in its closely wrapping sway,—  
Two travellers reposed upon a plain ;  
The one who, sitting 'gainst a rocky rest  
His mien clearly marked a man of brain,  
And such indeed is this Professor Gates,  
A man of much renown within the States.

But tall and straight the other stood, his mind,  
Unlike companion's, seemed confined  
By thoughts more distant than the wild, fair scene ;

20. And noble brow bespoke a cloud of care  
That with the lines of wisdom struggled there.  
His eyes one moment wrapped in tender light,  
Then gleamed a dark, determined purpose there ;  
As beacon to the seeking ships at night  
Is masked in shadow, then the light laid bare,  
As tender to the sailor as his sweet-heart's eyes ;

Alternate darts destruction or a love.  
The savant watched him with a curious  
gaze,  
Throws back sombrero with a careless  
shove:

30. "Señor, our trip has failed; no finds as  
yet."

The other with a quiet voice that would  
unset  
Our character gained from his haughty  
mien:  
"All, Medico, comes to the man who  
waits  
And works; this plain may yet unfold a  
tomb.  
As that mimosa holds its timid baits  
From leilu looking for its food. A  
doom  
Ne'er follows man of own accord; 't is  
like  
The tamed bird that must be coaxed,  
and man  
Is ever ready to invite the strike

40. He sees ill-fate hold o'er him. The ban  
Of severed love 's the only thievish woe  
That creeps and crawls into the sleeping  
heart  
As yon an'condas on the antus go;

'T is like the Muras' curare-covered dart,  
The 'whispered death' that lulls the  
brain to sleep."

The other wondering watched the giant  
snake

That swayed with solemn swing and deep  
From lofty perch that boughs of wine-  
palm made;

That bough that Agassiz, my loved  
mentor, aptly said

50. Looked like "Long limbs of coral  
flecked with green."

And while he watched, his mind with  
mysteries fed,

He marvelled at his comrade's readless  
mien.

This man had met him in Oaxaca's  
street

And asked to join the party, ten savants,  
In search for pottery from Peru. And  
soon

Gates found in him a mighty mind.

As travelling will a friendship tightly  
bind

The two were joined in study heart and  
soul.

Leon Tamatquam, such he gave his  
name,

60. As fondness, not merely fame, was  
striven-for goal,  
A most respected student soon became.  
But reticent in speech, o'er past a veil  
Was cast that every glance was to no  
avail.  
Such were the thoughts his comrade  
pondered o'er,  
And turned with careless eye his puzzled  
look  
Round scene whose barrenness could  
naught but bore.  
But sudden starts, for boulder which  
he'd took  
For rest, in certain angles glowed with  
furrowed streaks  
Where sunlight rested golden arrows on.

70. The two men knelt beside this new-  
found freak,  
Unravelled the Toltec picture-language  
drawn,  
With scarce a word to other said. This  
stone  
Of catacomb of unknown age the door,  
The closed clausura, undisturbèd throne  
Of rest for thousand cycles, maybe more,  
To them was greater wealth than mine  
of gold.

For full an hour they feast their learned  
look

On fascinating tales the figures told.

Then toward the camp their way they  
took

80. Conversing on the fortune accidentally  
found.

A fortune dwelt within their pathway  
too,

For wealth of natural beauty reigned  
around,

A scene whose worldly rivals are but  
few.

The rosewood wrapped with long lianed  
wreaths

Where grew when startled by the noise  
like leaves

The Agrippina moth in mimicry.

And as their path was sister to the  
stream,

The branches held the *beutivis* choir  
whose tree

O'erlooked their tiny mud-made homes  
that teem

90. Within the reeds that line the river's  
shore.

Kingfishers starched with stateliness  
with lore

Of Walton watched the game - fre-  
quented tide.  
And diving-grebes, loon of tropic clime,  
At their approach beneath the surface  
slide  
With speed of arrow's flight. In ill-  
kept time  
The partridge drums his quick retreat ;  
on high  
The rainbow-gowned macaws like  
much-mooned<sup>1</sup> maids  
Scold at the unoffending men. The eye  
Met all, but their appreciation fades  
100. At thought of news they took to  
comrades' camp.  
Around the fire they sat and heard  
with joy ;  
The blaze that served their needs as  
stove and lamp  
Lit up each interested face. But joy  
Cannot allay a forest hunger though,  
and sound  
To supper gained a cheer. After that  
they sat  
And talked with vim o'er finding of the  
mound,  
Upon the soft luxurious mossy mat ;

<sup>1</sup> Much-mooned—an Indian expression of great age.

Despite the insects 'chanted by the  
light,  
'Mong which a scorpion like a lobster  
small  
110. Went crawling round their feet. Off  
to the right  
And leaning on a tree apart from all  
There Leon stood. A deeper joy to  
him,—  
'T was fame, but was that all? Ah,  
no, the loud,  
Discordant cry of grebe was like a  
hymn;  
At last ill-fortune seemed to lift its  
cloud,  
That hope so long had fought in vain,  
and peace  
Was in his heart. Next day they oped  
the grave,  
And from its jealous aged hands release  
The tokens of a former art (the cave  
120. In modal and its wealth may now be  
seen  
In the largest museum of our land),  
Their work complete, a fame secured,  
and glean  
Of wealth from thankful world they  
knew at hand,

They start on home return. Float  
down the stream  
Where Nature satiates her wildest  
dream,  
And languid answers plea the fairies  
sent,  
Gives tacit leave to tawdry ornament.  
The Amazon 's a rich-cut boudoir  
bowl  
And filled with silver fish or glistening  
gold,  
130. And round the room her neat, artistic  
soul  
Hath ranged the richest hangings earth  
can hold.  
But like the furred intruder in that  
room,  
Bespeaking for those gold-fish awful  
doom,  
Roam monsters like the myths of an-  
cient Rome,  
Surprising stones within a setting  
such!  
But one of her unsolved enigmas this,  
For she surprises us in very much;  
It only interest adds, 't is not amiss.  
From off the bank and startled by their  
boat

140. Cruel caymans crawl into the deep,  
Or like Turumus' Trunk they stealthily  
float  
To challenge those who thus disturb  
their sleep.  
Beneath the crystal surface like a lens  
Are seen the gliding water-snakes from  
dens  
Beneath the spreading roots of Exselsa  
tree  
That built its domicile too near the  
tide;  
Or poison-dart backed duridaris glide  
Seduce a smile from stream near ripple-  
free,  
While chasing smaller pecos spitefully.

## CANTO IV.

Once more we 're led to Mitla's Mono-  
lithic Hall,  
Once more to that all-silent mysteried  
wall,  
That may have stood assaulting armies'  
blows,  
Or nobler thought protected priestly rite.  
The sun three fourths its trip had made  
and glows

With all its torturing, mantle-moving  
might.

The ground is tessellated with the light  
That mixes with the dark to form a floor  
Marquetry-like,—more pretty than the  
wall

10. Of that Mosaic Corridor so near.

The light in more detail than former call  
Portrays this ruin, of past a mighty bier,  
This unarched type of massive Norman  
style,

Which calls more question than the  
pyramids

Of Cholula and of Egypt too. A trial  
This sun must have at night to close its  
lids

When prying man comes peering round;  
it saw

It built and, pleased by worship given to  
him,

Made oath to keep it from the future's  
maw;

20. And we on gazing thoughtfully share  
this whim.

'T would half its interest lose if were  
but known;

Cursed be that man, that relic-seeking  
drone,

He need not leave his first reluctant  
track  
To find a living curio. The sun,  
As if to drive these curious travellers  
back,  
Threw stinging darts of heat that  
seemed to run  
Even the shadows through. In refuge  
sought  
In gloom a wide-girthed pillar made  
'Gainst which the sun when he had use-  
less fought

30. Laid there to sleep, and thus the spot  
of shade,  
Two women rest. The one was old and  
gray,  
Reclined in posture spoke her ill or  
tired;  
The other, young, was standing, loving,  
near  
And lending words of hope scarce self-  
inspired.  
But was not this the harvest-time of  
year,  
And would the feast not grace the town  
at morn,  
And now 't was almost night, would  
Leon come?

She bent to loose the old mantilla rich,  
In Anahuac but worn by noble born,  
40. That madre's strength alone could  
scarce have done.  
What was that shadow unseen by the  
maid  
That crept from the subterranean hall  
From Inlaid Corridor! It trailed the  
shade,  
And like an anaconda shunning all  
That spoke of being seen. And was it  
not  
A reptile bent upon their harm? No,  
not  
A natural snake, for looking close we  
find  
The same malignant brute that caused  
this woe.  
A cobra 'd be a closer friend than mind  
50. They crossed in its brutish lust. Sure,  
yet how slow,  
He crawls from stone to stone until he 's  
placed  
Himself between the women and the  
door.  
Another man in richest velvet laced,  
Whose gold-insigniaed sombrero speaks  
him a prince,

Came striding down the road. An upward glance

And Juana sees her Love. With open arm

She runs toward him, but sudden stops and clasps her hands

And shrieks in warning wild alarm!

McCreer had leaped behind Leon and stands

60. His sword upraised to strike; Leon leaped round,

As quick as lightning bared his blade, and found

The stroke upon its guard, then raised his steel;

But God had drawn His 'venging sword. Leon,

His sword yet pure, saw foe back wildly reel,

And staggering fall. The three looked on

In awe, but Leon's piercing glance was caught,

Excited points to right hand of the man; There was the proof,—not mortal had he fought,

But God through Nature had amended plan

70. And punished here in lieu of Judgment Day.

And as they looked a tarantula leapt  
From off the swollen corpse and ran  
away.

The fiend who on the ground before  
them slept

But slightly showed the effects of poi-  
son's power,

So like his natural countenance that  
hour

Of drink had Circe-like changed form.  
In awe

The friends now fled the most revolting  
sight;

The sun in sorrow hastened to withdraw  
And hide her lovèd Mitla from the  
light;

80. So glad that justice had been meted out  
But sorrowed that her fane should be  
the court.

When near the town they saw as if in  
doubt

A man advancing slow; he nearer came;  
'T was Leon's father; then the two stood  
still

And waited each to speak, but love  
o'ercame

And though against the dictates of his will,

The father embraced his son and burst in tears.

Now was an end to all his haunting fears,

A chance to make amends for suffering caused,

90. He loosed his son, the proud old man ne'er paused,

Saluted Juana as a daughter dear,

Her mother with respect,—and all was right.

Perhaps illiterate surmise and fear

I have been wont to cast before your sight,

But I believe in some our neighboring spheres

There may or will have been more  
James McCreers.



# SEASONS



## LAY TO THE WEST WIND

MIGHTY muse of lyric lays attend,  
Meditate with me awhile, and bend  
Your thoughtful head o'er your listening lyre  
And sing to it songs divine. Inspire  
And appoint me earthly sire for thee  
Signed by accolade of fame. Make me  
To rightly give rank to wind we love  
All other summer zephyrs above.  
Our nation's best admirer, too,  
He knows each dell and each mountain view,  
For with Nature his wife he roams across  
Between the brother seas, when they breathe  
To her songs that bring the beauty blush.  
He does not come with a mighty rush,  
But soft as a tinkling lyric lay,  
For the scenes he meets upon the way  
In our lovely land's unpeered array  
Bid the west wind his advancing stay,  
And he gains their character so sweet  
As we when often the good we meet.  
Through the elms, whose trembling, nervous keys

## 48 Lay to the West Wind

---

Are cedillas softening sounds of breeze,  
Over grassy lawns and laurelled leas,  
Through the fields of corn, pretended seas,  
Comes in beats the love-tune-laden wind.  
Each a lost chord ne'er to be defined,  
Each a harmony sweet and refined,  
As of dryad's virtued voice in trees con-  
fined.

Through the fragrant heaps of new-mown  
hay,  
From the smellful spots where lilacs lay,  
With the clover cologne of summer day,  
And the perfumed breath of dearest May,  
Comes the west wind laden with odors  
sweet.

With its gentle gasps it bears the bleat  
Of the sheep upon the sloping mead,  
Of their stingless gossip as they feed,  
Or stretched beneath a leafy shade,  
Contented, calm like a Quaker maid;  
Or the distant mooing of the cows,  
The bugles that blow at set of sun,  
And from its place in the topmost boughs  
The cow-bunting sounds his gurgling fun.  
Ah, sweet is thy power, O tyrant breeze!  
We will willingly take Hume's Histories  
That herald absolute control,  
If thou wilt usurp the horizon's gates.

## Lay to the West Wind 49

---

For thou art the kernel and the soul  
Of creation's ripening force. Mandates  
From thee are the "Sesame" that gives  
Entrée to all that blossoms and lives.

## A RESTLESS SUMMER EVENING

LIKE monster moths the wind-mills wave  
Their white wings in the breeze,  
Their two long black antennæ lave  
In brooklet's shallow seas.

Their ghostly guard they watchful keep  
And spring their rattle clear,  
O'er ev'ry rumor wind blown near  
Of comrades not asleep.

The drum-beat of the hyla joins  
The cricket on the lea,  
That stretching down almost purloins  
The spot where the bank should be.

And answering water-beetles seek  
The moonlight on the creek,  
To dress their raven mail to fight  
Their foe, the town street-light.

Array themselves, platoon and flank,  
And steadily ascend the bank,  
To hyla's drum and cricket's fife,  
All eager and all life.

## A Restless Summer Evening 51

---

And then the restless courtier breeze  
Comes whistling through the trees ;  
Teaching each leaf the pibroch trill  
Piped by the whip-poor-will.

O, nervous eve of summer-time,  
So restless, full of life,  
How our souls respond and climb  
To tingling, vague, sweet strife !

## WINTER

'T IS winter. Through the leafless trees  
    Sing not the birds; nor in the ground  
Chirp not the insects, hum not the bees;  
    Naught but the cold wind's mournful  
        sound.

The face of Nature seems to borrow  
The stoic silence of one in sorrow;  
No smile our chastened natures meet  
When eager bend we at her feet.

Hither and thither all is still,  
    Hushed is each busy, bubbling brook,  
Stopped is each tiny tinkling rill,  
    Sealed all with pearl, a sacred nook.

Divers are the pictures Nature brings,  
But whether the snow flies or spring bird  
    sings  
Blest beauty is present, and here e'er to stay,  
No matter how balmy or chill be the day.

## THE BREAKING OF THE BUDS

THE month whose nature gives it name  
Hath laughing, smiling come.  
And Nature wakes in sweet acclaim,  
That was so sad and dumb.

And voices, though not skilled in tune,  
Sound to our waiting ear  
As sweetly as the best in June,  
'T is absence makes them dear.

The plaintive pewee builds her nest  
'Neath bridge that spans the brook;  
In times of danger and unrest  
It seems a peaceful nook.

And robin to the opening year  
Is calling "Quick!" in fear  
Lest we should lie asleep too long  
And shirk the opening song.

All bring good gifts to noble-born,  
For April 's born to-day;

## 54 The Breaking of the Buds

---

The month when drear rains cloud the  
morn,—  
At noon the sunbeams play.

'T is then the brown buds burst their bonds,  
Reveal the wax-like leaves;  
The tiny, stretching, bashful fronds  
That tremble forth like thieves.

Encouraged by the suckling sun  
And accommodating rain,  
As though in virtued soil ant-dune  
Whose powers fakirs feign:

They fructify with magic might,  
A nation in a night;  
And like the swift chameleon change  
The brown for green estrange.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE

WHEN winter's cold and dismal blast  
Comes calling bush and leaf to rest,  
To tell the birds their song is past,  
And helps the frost till Nature's dressed  
In mourning for the summer dead,  
Then blooms a tree so full and free,  
The Christmas Tree.

In foreign lands grows the bread-fruit tree,  
And trees that dishes grow, and queerer still,  
Right here at home we egg-plants see.  
But here indeed grow children's toys,  
The dolls and drums for girls and boys.  
Why can't it e'er in blossom be,  
This Christmas Tree ?

Each year discovered all anew  
By white-robed pygmies, dearest folk ;  
Each mindful of the rest, and brew  
No storms as older people do  
When they discover something new.  
If only grown-folks could unearth  
Some Christmas Trees !

A Christmas tree to turn our thought  
To share our brother's joy and rue,  
As oft we watch the children do.  
The fond solicitude for some one else  
Which all resolvèd hatred melts,  
The childish joy at others' gain  
Around the Christmas Tree.

## PROPHECIES OF SPRING

**S**OOON Nature from the pupal state will  
    wake,  
Bud blithely the blest empurpled wings  
Of spring and summerward its flight will  
    make,  
Imago-like from bright to brighter things.  
And birdlings their unfictile song will sing,  
Tiny but touching tones of joy they ring,  
Echoed as on the green-gowned flowerlet  
The butterflies sweet-sipping sit,  
Content in silence their short stay to live.  
E'en the lakes and rivulets run restive  
From out their prisoning white winter's  
    snail-shell  
And leap joyfully down the awakened dell.  
And Nature awakened without, within,  
Will praise the Creator, still or with song,  
With voices all varied though theme is akin.

## MY FLOCKS

### A SUMMER LAMENT

MY flocks have wandered far,  
No more they line the bar,  
My shepherd is asleep,  
Far flown his precious keep,  
Alone their fallacy I weep  
As baby o'er her cloud-choked star,  
O'er those who 've wandered far.

The West wind wafts perfume,  
But my dear flocks are fled.  
The East wind was my Crook,  
Why was his work forsook ?  
He fought the North wind, wolf of fear,  
In stormy fight both met their doom,  
The marbled pole 's their tomb.

The West wind wafts perfume,  
It 's but the ghost of dead,  
The North wind and the East,

It cannot find my flocks who 've fled,  
The trail they left is of the least,  
And I must sit in gloom,—  
My fruitless watch assume.

The West wind wafts perfume;  
What are my flocks you say?  
The gulls and hawks are they  
That on a Northeast winter day  
They line the bar within the bay;  
Their pasture is the spume  
Unripened by West's perfume.

## FROST

WHEN the summer-time is done,  
When the winter 's just begun,  
For an artist from the skies,  
To remove the summer dyes  
Apropos for winter's eyes,  
Nature sends.

You may see him tinf the flowers  
And the leaf that shrinks and cowers  
In deep dyes of gold and red;  
And the tiny nested nuts  
Rudely broken from their bed  
By his hand.

On the windows works his art,  
As he etches mimic hills,  
Boundless woods or single trees.  
Broad lagoons that run to rills;  
Many scenes the Frost can freeze  
With his brush.

With an imitation snow,  
Deftly draws a garden white,  
Turning back the sun-sent light

With an opal's rainbow hue,  
Covering o'er the weaker dew  
    On the ground.

Thus the fairy artist Frost  
Works his will, near winter-time.  
'T is the winter's first attempt  
Making snow. A signal chime  
Tells the world its harvests reap,  
    Then to sleep.

## 'T IS TIME THE THRUSH TRAVELS HOME

'T WAS only yesterday I heard the thrush,  
In conversation with its mate,  
So soft but all distinct in morning hush ;—  
"For thrushes here the time grows late,

"And now where shall we go, sweet darling  
mine,  
To Southern lands of palm and pine?  
Or West to Angeles' flowery fields,  
That for our nest sweet rose-leaves yields ?

"Or to the Aztec's mystery-weaving walls,  
And build our nest in rocky cleft?  
For from the trees the leaf already falls,  
And soon no nesting will be left."

And then I watched them fly to far-off South,  
The land the sunshine ne'er forgets.  
I hear the farewell song from out his mouth,  
Till softer, softer still, it gets.

So sweet but sad the song now says,—  
“Farewell,

Wee-o, wee-o, tit-ti, wee-o.”

Who love the birds these tones a blessing tell,  
'Cept when they sound as now,—“We  
go.”

Our gray-cheeked friends have fellow-trav-  
ellers,

For summer soon will yield her sway,  
And weary winter weather no song lures;  
We soon will toil through tuneless day.

## THE GRASSHOPPERS

A CROSS the tessellated spring-time fields,  
Whose furrows ordered interlace,  
The fields that grudging the country road-  
way yields,  
That runs like a brook through grassy  
place,  
These insects happy leap from square to  
square,  
As though a game of draughts was there.

And wearied with their short-winged flight,  
they dive  
In the road, then rise all wet with dust,  
E'er trying to show how much they are alive.  
Then 'neath a leaf their head they thrust,  
As if ashamed of their dust-bedraggled suit,  
Whose sombre hue 's e'en more acute.

This dull brown garb is changed while on the  
wing  
For clothes of velvet, black and white,  
Like Norman monks' gowns but a covering

For satin cloak with ermine white.  
And, too, when watched they sit like judges  
gray;  
Be unconcerned and see their play.

So many leaping all around, it 's strange,  
While their positions quickly change,  
That their mosaic-vision 's always true  
And ne'er confuses any view.  
But any one possessing checkered eyes  
At jumping should capture the prize.

## THE FIREFLY

WHEN the gales of the daytime have all  
passed away,  
That the touch of the twilight has kind  
smoothed away,  
Comes the firefly, St. Elmo's Fire of the  
wood,  
Prophesying from storm a repose calm and  
good.

Scattered sparks from the smithy the wood-  
land employs  
To fashion a covering of sable mail,  
To envelop the forest in proof against noise  
And the laboring mood that in daytime  
prevail.

Tiny torches the blossoms are bearing along,  
As they come in the night to the buds they  
belong,  
To surprise you and me. Here and thither  
they fly  
In the search for the stem that they should  
occupy.

We can be little fireflies in earth's sin-dark  
night,

Tiny sparks from the forge of the Maker of  
light.

Lighting flowers to buds that some chance  
seed has sown,

To a life fit for worker and not for a drone.

## THE BROKEN BOUGH'S LAMENT

### AN INDIAN SONG OF JEALOUSY

Broken Bough, a chief of the Delawares ; Hawta, his  
faithless wife ; Morfa, his enemy ; Ossier, his son.

### THE THREAT

YOU stole from me who loved her,  
With soft words gained her glance ;  
Your piercing words have charmed her,  
But sharper still 's my lance !  
You wooed her from my wigwam,  
And bade my heart be calm,  
That, swelling like the torrent  
With floods that clouds have sent,  
But waiteth for the moment  
To break with wild intent.  
Or mighty wind of Heaven,  
Disdaining looks on men,  
With power to wreak its vengeance,  
But, waiting, hate contents.

The storm that 's lashed for hours  
With sullen, angry hate,  
Is calling in its powers  
To wield a mightier fate.  
Beware my vengeance, Morfa,  
Thy trail shall e'er be mine,  
And like the dreaded cobra,  
Who mate's loss doth repine,  
I 'll follow thee at hunting,  
And like a hawk watch thee!  
Till, when your triumph 's ringing,  
And honored is your tepee,  
Like an avenging panther  
Then in your tent I 'll spring,  
And Hawta then I 'll woo her,  
My old love-songs I 'll sing,  
And, smiling, thee will defy  
To brook the lion's wrath;  
And see then 'fore Hawta's eye  
Who 'll tread the *lonesome path*.  
For thou hast stolen from me  
The rosebud of my life,  
The morning dawn in beauty,  
The sweetest song her life.  
You stole from me who loved her,  
With soft words gained her glance,  
Your piercing words have charmed her,  
But sharper still 's my lance.

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LAMENT

O, Hawta, fairest lily  
That Manitou hath made,  
And thou who deigned to love me,  
To bright the gloomy shade!  
My wigwam was without a flower,  
As like an ugly stone  
From resting-place is thrown  
And then a handsome flower  
Is sown where all was dark.  
Oh, wilt thou, choice relenting,  
Roll back the crushing stone?  
And there my flower choking,  
My happiness o'erthrown.  
My life is like the roses  
When sun hath hid its grace,  
And fading now reposes  
All crushed 'neath sorrow's pace.  
Oh, wood-dove of the forest,  
My love, Majella, hear;  
I, first in every conquest,  
Who scorn both death and fear,  
Am mourning like a woman,  
With wisdom of a child.  
Myself my fiercest foeman  
From bootless thoughts and wild!  
Come back, oh, come back to me,

I 'll willing all forgive,  
If thou art now unhappy,  
All happiness I 'll give.  
Why couldst thou not be happy,  
Contented, when with me;  
I loved thee, served thee truly,  
Respectfully, tenderly.  
No burdens didst thou bear me,  
They were for harsher ones;  
I bade thee be contented,  
And tell me what to do  
To make your life rose-scented,  
That was your hardest rue.  
I sit beside my tepee  
(The bravest in the town  
But gone now is its beauty,  
As storm-clouds sun-days drown)  
And watch our little Ossier  
Go running up and down,  
Or stealthily like the panther  
The butterflies surprise  
With cunning of his father;  
But, caught, he loosed his prize,  
With love gained from his mother.  
How canst thou leave our darling,  
Who needs a mother's care?  
Come back, oh, come back to me,  
Thou sweetest and most fair!

72      Broken Bough's Lament

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Oh, wilt thou, past forgetting  
How I have worshipped thee,  
Blight lives so unrelenting,  
Of lovèd son and me ?  
Farewell, then, dearest sweetheart,  
Farewell, ye forests old,  
Farewell to scenes that were so sweet,  
Now like a story told  
Of happy freedom once possessed  
To captive foe harassed.

## MY VALENTINE

AH, Cupid, bring me back my valentine  
And sow it round with eglantine,  
Where as I sent forget-me-nots there grew.  
You charmed her not, you bade me woo!  
Forget-me-not? Ah, yes, for lack of care  
Those flowers have wilted, faded where  
A moment hence in joy and promise placed,  
Were watched and nursed in nervous haste.

And with that valentine I sent my heart,  
Transfixed with your now painful dart,  
That in the suddenness of ecstasy  
Made numb, the wound was feeling-free.  
You say this grief will last as did the joy?  
For years did I my pride employ  
To wrap the rue in insult without grief,  
The hidden thorn still mars the leaf.

Go, bring my broken heart, o'er it I 'll weep,  
The truant card I 'll carefully keep,  
And mourn in silence at the lonely grave  
It marks,—for love that life me gave

Hast also taken life. Perhaps some day—  
Who knows? her wandering feet may find  
That grave; I 'll keep fresh-flowered and  
waiting stay,  
Our forget-me-nots may grow entwined.

## THE LABORER'S SONG

DEAR Lord, I pray Thee not to make  
Me an immune to toil.  
The lives of leisure that forsake  
The working of the soil  
Are spent in weeding thorny roots,  
With trouble as their fruits.

But harden hands that hold the plow  
To dress life's stony field,  
To fling the furrow straight allow,  
To rock and root ne'er yield.  
The hardness of a work depends  
On strength that courage lends.

E'en if the trouble-ridgèd glebe  
With sorrow's frost is white,  
Deep down, safe-hidden from the sight  
And contaminating blight,  
Lies the green and growing seed,  
From darkest days lies freed:—

The seed that 's sown by Thy great love  
Pregnant with prophecy  
Of rest and life with Thee above.

The surface sorrow frost  
Warmed and melted is the source  
Of strong, fructifying force.

Dear Lord, I pray Thee not to make  
Me an immune to toil.

“Wreaths gained of vanity shall forsake,  
But those of labored toil  
Shall e'er increase,” so make me strong.  
Thus ran the laborer's song.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

THE bells announce the old year speeds,  
But by self-queries nearly drowned,—  
Count not thy years by days but deeds,  
Call not complete lest victory crowned.

When on that day my years unrolled  
I glance along what they unfold,  
Shall this which trembling waits to fall  
Stand o'er the rest more bright and tall?

As miser shines his last-earned coin  
And lays so tender by the rest,  
Which even want cannot purloin,  
Is my last year the brightest, best?

If not, e'en want cannot recall.  
As bad associates e'er seduce,  
Will passing year pollute them all?  
I trust 't will brighter power produce.

Dear God, to whom for help we bow,  
Give strength to keep the well-meant vow;  
Give new-born year the best of earth,  
As wise men at the Savior's birth.

## A DULL DAY

I 'M sad to-day. The west winds waft the  
fogs away  
That lingered o'er the bay.  
The drizzling damp so drear starts now to  
disappear,  
But melancholy 's here.

My sleeping soul is prone to think the  
wind,  
With feeling far from kind,  
Hath taken from round but left the mist on  
future planned.  
Ambition 's lost demand.

The butterflies and bees so bright my life  
did light,  
They sleep, they think 't is night;  
And sun sick with the sinning world in  
mourning stays  
To hide in clouds its rays.

In grief I turn for robin's cheer or catbird's  
call,

But sorrow stills them all.

The trees are hung with tears like crystals  
from a cave,

The mourning mist these gave.

But contrast clings in scenes like this. The  
sun more bright

Will seem to our waiting sight

When once again it shines. The songs from  
silence steep

Will seem more sweet and deep.

## A SUMMER SHOWER

SEE the tiny spheres of rain  
As in merry play they run  
Down the pane.  
As the storm has just begun,  
They have time to while away  
In sweet play.

By and by their speed 's so swift,  
Down the glass they drift  
Like a brook.  
And the drops all fade away,  
In their work no time for play.  
As we look

Through the screen of pearly beads,  
Of the trees and flowers one reads  
In clear song.  
When the rain new life it brings  
From their gala gowns joy rings  
All day long.

And the rivulets repeat  
To the bending, listening wheat  
    Joyful thanks.

'Gainst the scorching sun's long siege  
Reinforced once more they flow  
    O'er their banks.

For the rain we thank thee, Lord,  
'T is a blessing we can ill afford  
    E'er to lose.

Though it mars our plans and plays,  
It 's a joy in other ways,  
    That we choose.

## A PRISONER

A PRISONER I, what though through  
golden bars

I see the sun and scan the stars

'T is yet not freedom's air I daily drink,  
Sometimes my memory 's wrong, I think.

My former life seems such unsullied bliss,  
As like a dream when viewed from this.

Long since I came from sunny southern  
Spain

Where naught but happiness had reign.

One day they caught and bound and blinded  
me,

A long, long time I could not see;

And when at last unbound I looked around  
In a prison's gloom myself I found.

Alas! the same as tiny plant peeped through  
With timid strength coaxed by the dew,  
Instead of sunny scene she 'd heard it told  
Found snow-numbed Nature bleak and cold.

No more through green-gowned groves of  
trees I fly,  
Through air of song that ne'er did die,  
And sunbeams gilding all with warmth of  
love  
Awakening praise below, above.

My friends the birds in hymns with insects  
vied,  
We sang all day and never sighed;  
Our hearts were light and more our limbs  
were free  
To seek society.

And now I see the sun but flecked across  
With blackened bars of freedom's loss.  
God made us birds to fly and fill the air with  
song;  
To catch and cage the weak 't is wrong.

## A BUTTERFLY

**S**WEET symbol of God's tender grace,  
White wanderer who dread death dis-  
dains,  
Breathe the secret of thy filmy race  
Immured from doubtings, griefs, and  
pains.

Teach us from Nature's heavenly art  
Of sweet submission from an humble heart.

While wrapped in wooded crypt do you  
Leave useless body here at rest,  
To flit in joy in loving view  
Of the dear Master? Then art blessed  
And back to weary earth come down  
Part dressed with wings in Heaven's gown?

Is it true that you too possess,  
In common with your neighbor, Man,  
The aches and soul-straining sadness  
Of past deeds done with present's ban ?  
But better knowing God's demands  
Your sorrows leave at His commands ?

A far sublimer thought is this:

Thou knowest naught of sorrow's sting,  
Naught but blithe Nature's loving kiss,

And doing e'er the godly thing,  
For, knowing but the simple good,  
No evil by you understood.



## SCATTERED PETALS



## THE SPEECHLESS SERMON

IN striking bold relief displayed  
By rising sun's soft, soothing gray  
conveyed,  
This ancient home of chivalry  
Stands told, a tale of past glory.  
Methinks e'en now the knights with  
squires,  
And armed as though the time requires,  
Are passing in through blazoned gate,  
With bugle call and shows of state.  
But this is all of long ago;  
10. Only as bits of sound are heard and lost  
When winds waft to then from us  
blow,  
Thus more impress the silence's cost.  
So visions bright soon disappear,  
To leave this place it seems more drear.  
Time's seal is placed on portal-post  
And ivy-cloaked the walls seem part  
Of Nature's work, once proud man's  
boast.

Which stands the higher in point of art?  
And e'en the courtyard, stage of scene,  
20. Which history tells and we but dream,  
Now paved in rough marquetry work,  
And green peeps round each crumbling  
block,  
And bees and beetles countless lurk  
Where noble hounds were wont to flock.  
So now the rising sun portrayed  
This haven of Welch from Norman raid.  
Inside, the centuries' marking hands  
Have left no velvet hung on walls  
That once were splendid archèd halls,  
30. Where banquet song and toast were  
given,  
And stand was made for land so striven.  
And as in years long since gone by  
This castle rang with numbers high  
Of many a noble and brave knight,  
So quick for home to arm and fight,  
Ah, now but one this place calls  
“home,”  
A poor and lonely man, whose dome  
Of life is but to work at will  
On garden plot in part of court,  
40. The tiny flower field to till.  
He lived in sweet simplicity,  
Alas! 't was not so sweet as seems,

For though with deep intensity  
He loved the woods, the brooks, the  
streams,  
He knew not Him who made all these,  
Who gave the song to birds and bees.  
Tried he to learn to love the Lord,  
Till marks of pain wrote on his brow  
And heart had sorrow stored.

50. 'T is far the hardest cross to bear,—  
When one in search of Heavenly grace,  
As earthly pains at heart they tear,  
But knowing not where Savior's face  
Is turned cannot to Him run home,  
And take the blessed comfort there  
When too tired and faint more to  
roam.  
Year in, year out, he grieved and prayed,  
And fitting penitence was made,  
But still no rest was sent to him,  
60. Till last it came when hope was dim.  
By some small, simple errand led  
To donjon dark on left of keep,  
The only place by sun not reached,  
Where dark unwaked had lain asleep  
Through a night of many varied scenes,  
And heard nor seen what passed with-  
out,  
As different masters by various means

92 The Speechless Sermon

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Acquired the fort; but all held out  
That this grim tower was their best  
power

70. A stubborn heart to break and part.  
So as the man went in this day  
A tinge of sadness touched his soul.  
He thought of prisoners passed away  
Their lives with suffering in this hole.  
And he, not far removed from them,  
Was prisoner of a sterner foe,  
For consciences when held by them  
Are strict and unappeased bring woe.  
And, too, his dungeon was so dark
80. Where ne'er a ray of light shone in,  
And his heart with awe and sadness  
throbbed.  
But what is that on the floor in front!  
Is 't beast or bird of freedom robbed,  
Or victim of some ghostly hunt?  
With wonder, fear, and reverence  
He picks the object from its bed,  
Where by its dust-draped appearance  
Long time had lain in chamber dread.  
With what a feeling then he looks
90. On one of that Christianity's books  
That he in vain so long had sought!  
What memories, too, this Bible brought  
Of one who taught him at her knee

When heart was light and conscience  
free!

A burning tear stole down his cheek.  
He asked not how it happened there,  
Nor wished for further things to seek,  
He knew that silent, dusty Book  
Was leading link to peace and rest.

100. And kneeling there, the Book he took;  
These cheering words his eyes arrest:—  
“How say ye to my soul,  
Flee as a bird to your mountain?”  
So the birds that he saw and studied  
In God reposed their every trust,  
And God giving strength they hurried  
To the rest of the Maker’s love.  
So love of Nature joined to thought  
Of passage read conversion brought.

110. And God from seat of power above  
Stretched down a hand, assistance gave.  
And tired, sick soul on wings of grace  
Then fled to Him who soon forgave.  
Rest, peace, and joy flood o’er his face,  
He’s happy now as busy bird turned  
home  
Leaves trials that infest his roam  
And wisps to mate and young the tale  
How Christ takes care of tired and frail.  
Just list ye here who suffering read,—

94 The Speechless Sermon

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120. Ye delve too deep for rest indeed;  
Just catch the song that insects sing,  
And hear the birds bear too the  
melody.  
All through the works of Nature ring  
The songs of sweet simplicity  
That tell:—All ye who 're sick and sad,  
Flee home to Christ, He 'll make you  
glad.

## MUSIC

AS on a quiet sleeping woodland stream  
A weeping-willow leaf in falling wakes  
The resting ripples ranged in tiny troughs  
Of space, which gliding 'cross lingering lisp  
To the farther shore; so music on the ear  
Takes sweet consolation to sorrowing souls,  
Souls that sleeping, o'ercome with deep de-  
pression,  
Are rippled into a sense of the being.  
As from side to side slipped the water-waves,  
So one directed note of magic music delves  
Into the darkest dungeons of our hearts,  
Brings forth the long-hid brightness buried  
there  
By some past secret sorrow that unbidden  
Stays still, our visions of the future mars,  
Our thoughts of past to tinge in bitter  
shade.  
All ages knew thy power on mortal emotions,  
All epochs thy power to soothe or waken  
The fierce feelings of war or prayers of peace.

Thy voice in various tones to earth comes down  
With softened syllables from ill-wrought pipes  
Beguiled in Paradise's Park the four,  
'Cept one from whom all nations take their birth;  
Or ringing round the wayward walls kept time,  
As seven-circled Jericho was taken.  
'T is made or listened to by all earth's life  
'Cept one or two mainly Canidæ tribe,  
Whose ears of more acute sensitiveness  
Catch waves which, quickly moving, us escape.  
They hear the faintest incongruities  
Which striking pierce their feeling ears with pain.  
When ponder we on immortality  
And on that life existing after death,  
The music plays a most important part.  
And ever when we wish to write or speak  
Of aught that 's sweet and soft and lulls our souls  
We call it song, that word itself says  
"sleep."

## THE DEVON COAST

THROUGH the mists of the sheltering  
sea-fogs  
A vision of beauty we see,  
As ploughing through spray that sight clogs  
The land lies to view on our lee.

After months of surging storm on the ocean  
We at rest in the harbor lie,  
With scarce a wave-move or a motion,  
Though wind and the fog are yet nigh.

But when through the dismal dawn of the  
morn  
The shining sun in splendor breaks,  
Then the fading fog from its place is torn,  
The wind his departure he takes.

And then to our eyes without aught to stop  
A heavenly picture appears,  
As though us from work to drop  
Neptune this paradise rears.

From the water's wave to the steep hill's crest

Are green-clothed farms and tiny towns  
In the springtime's blest freshened beauty,  
rest,

Framed round with purpled cliffs and  
downs.

And grazing quietly on the sloping fields,

The countless clouds of cattle climb,  
And softly stirring with light lowing yields  
The west wind their joy-ringing rhyme.

## THE SAILOR'S STORY

FIRST let me tell about the house wherein  
I stopped  
When this true tale was told to me. With  
tall trees topped  
And girdled round with gooseberry vines, a  
view so bright  
The scene 's in memory still and years scarce  
dim the sight.  
Well-built of rough-hewn blocks of stone,  
the ivy green  
Clings close as curtains grand on a stage help  
out the scene.  
Within, the spacious dining-room was tyrant  
here  
And all the other rooms withdrew up-stairs  
in fear.  
Across one end that grandest piece of house-  
hold art  
The family fireplace stood, warmed body,  
thought, and heart.  
But still the room was cold and drear one  
man without,

Our landlord happy, gay, and wise; he,  
though quite stout,  
No one so quick for other's needs or kind-  
ness show.

Many men came here and many I learned to  
know,  
Diversified in bearing, means, and depth.  
But one

My interest gained, and, too, his confidence  
I won.

From youth he 'd sailed the known and un-  
known seas.

And touching tales he told of scenes so  
strange, though true,  
Of cannibals and gentler tribes. Of coral  
keys,

Of trees that formed a fane adorned in  
brightest hue.

But my mind was touched when, drawn by  
I know not what,

In gentler tones he told of those 'mong  
whom his lot

Some time had cast, the Indians Caribbee,  
so near

My own dear country, too. And legends  
he 'd learned here

When sung my heart went to these simple  
men whom he

Was wont to "Nature's Nation" name, and  
well bestowed.  
But memory 's e'er a fickle friend and brings  
to me  
But one sad song of these, I 'll tell if you  
please.  
It oft returns to me with thoughts of those  
I 've known,  
The long, sweet hours we sat and talked of  
strange sailed-seas.  
Perhaps a friend as he 's seen me sit by  
hours alone  
Has thought it strange, that saddened smile  
at naught he sees.  
That old Welch Inn, I see it still, and years  
scarce dim the sight,  
But lingers on. Perhaps once more I 'll  
wander there  
And greet my friend. Sometimes I wish  
I 'd sailed with him;  
Would mournful memory mock as now it  
does my mind?  
I could not change this persecuted people's  
woe,  
My mind might more revolt at that which  
there I 'd find.

## THE TALE OF TAWAH

A CHIEF in silence stood one day  
Where Tobasco's tide flows in the bay;  
His grave but gentle face was lined  
With deep-drawn marks of thought that told  
Of more than common cultured mind;  
And eyes both tender, bright, and bold.  
These eyes were turned toward open seas,  
And trouble, sorrow, shone in these.

Behind him smoke in snaky strings  
Slow trickled to the sky. Sometimes  
From happy souls sweet laughter rings;  
His sigh that 'scapes scarce rhymes.  
He hears his wife, Suava, sing  
To lull in sleep their babe so dear,  
That bears his father's name, Tawah.  
The chief's head sank to hide a tear.

The watch had called his chief to view  
A fast approaching sail. In view  
Of tales he 'd heard of Spanish deeds,

The chief with anxious thought now reads  
Of danger dread his tribe impends.  
Unskilled in war, in simple trust  
They live, no controversy rends,  
All thoughts of war away they 'd thrust.

He hears some steps that sweet resound  
In well-known notes upon the ground.  
"My lord, the sun prepares for sleep;  
What sees Tawah that should him keep  
Away from lodge where braves are met  
And smoke their pipes of peace and set  
The toils that each must do next morn  
When shining Sun-god 's once more born?"

He tells her not what most he fears,  
But arm in arm they homeward turn.  
With whispered songs that strike our ears  
When sung in simple tongue like theirs,  
As murmuring meadow brooks that run  
With tinkling tread o'er mounds of moss,  
Though years bridged wedded life across,  
Their courtship seemed as just begun.

They passed through groups in joyful play,  
And older ones with straw so gay  
Were weaving baskets bright. The men  
From hunting just returned all sat

And smoked in silence deep, for when  
An Indian council meets they make  
No speech till something they have to say;  
That 's not quite like our council's way.

The drum was beat, the men repaired  
To council-lodge, where ill-prepared  
The sober news the chief made known.  
And now these men of peaceful mind  
Were changed and darkening looks were  
thrown  
Toward intruding foe. The man most kind,  
When aught against his loved one turns,  
Is made a fury's fire that burns.

The gentler ones that night reposed  
In sleep that simple safety gave.  
But many heads no sleep proposed;  
Their souls a safer state did crave.  
At morn the Spanish sailors land,  
Indulged their roughened sport all round,  
Received in patience by the band  
Till act that lost their minds' command.

Tawah with tiny shaft and bow  
Was toddling round and shooting bees,  
His father fond his skill to show,  
And try the Spanish chief to please.

A sullen Spanish rogue, a don,  
Seized shaft and bow in fiendish fun,  
And struck the babe a blow when he  
To ask for captured toy made free.

The chief a moment stood struck dumb ;  
Rose 'mong the braves an angry hum.  
Tawah the peace-man changed ; his face  
Grew drawn and set, his muscled arm  
Appeared like oak entwined with vines.  
The don stepped back in mute alarm,  
But quicker still Tawah sprang forth  
As lightning leaps from startled north.

He seized the don with arms that time  
Of constant toil in hardening clime  
Had forged to consistency of steel  
And hurled him o'er the river bank.  
A time they stood and knew not how to feel.  
A quick command from one in rank,  
The fight began. 'T was one to four,  
But the natives fought as ne'er before,

But give not a shout or sound ;  
They tread the ground with wingèd bound,  
They seem the space with men to fill,  
But then they die as well as kill.

The chief in conflict closed with two,  
When through he saw an awful view,—  
His men all killed, his town on fire,  
With naught but dead to greet their sire.

Ah, worse than all in wild dismay,  
He found by careful, close survey  
The feebler ones had captured been,  
When foe the braves all dead had seen!  
The brave old chief, o'ercome with grief,  
In vain by calls Suava sought;  
That she was gone he 'd scarce believe,  
For grief e'er slow by mind is caught.

Tawah now followed far and fast  
Along the coast where the Spaniards sailed;  
But on the camps some days had passed  
When he arrived. His heart ne'er failed,  
His heart but Suava sung, his eyes  
But Suava sought, on every rise  
Of ground his sight in eager light  
For signs of loved led in unwilling flight.

And tired in everything but love  
And hate, two mightiest forces they;  
Under the eagle or the dove  
Do all men stand, to save or slay.

And here a mutual goal in view  
When body lost revenge but grew.  
God gives His help and strength to fight  
To suffering ones who 're in the right.

Till last one night the camp he sees;  
From camp the light shines through the  
trees,  
Outlines all objects round the tents,  
And through the natural forest-rents  
He saw the figures of the men,  
And thought he saw a darker skin.  
Tawah his son was either slain  
Or by adoption saved, this thought gave  
pain.

Then of a sudden came a shout,  
Some one in scouting from camp gone out  
Had seen Tawah! Quickly he gained  
Suava's side, where blows he rained  
On ever growing foe. Then came  
Command to "Fire," a burst of flame,  
A cloud of smoke, the deed was done.  
Too many such victories were won!

## AN INDIAN SAGA OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS

**A**T council's fires from learned sires  
As old as yonder oak,  
In school of age well titled sage,  
I heard of whom you spoke.

From cold northwest 'fore earth was blest  
With beasts or flowers or trees,  
From dark confines where he ne'er shines,  
Came the Sun-god's enemies.

And Manitou turned dew to snow  
To entice the strangers on.  
Thus made the cold clime called winter-time  
The night without a dawn.

Deceived by same, they onward came  
To Delaware's domains.  
The sun then shone from golden throne,  
The snow gave place to rains.

This sudden change to them so strange  
Brought suffering and dismay.  
They shelter made within the shade  
Of cliffs without delay.

There temples reared rough-hewn and tiered  
With highest cultured art,  
For Mars their god with science shod  
To advancement gave the start.

Of mighty Sun Mars was a son,  
They parted at his birth,  
And now opposed by fates proposed  
For people on the earth.

But father's right combined with might  
O'ercame the truant son.  
Despite their cry were doomed to die  
These people of the cliff and dune.

The strangers sought and wearily wrought  
To gain their god's relief.  
The altared mounds so often found  
Were part of their belief.

The snake-shaped wreath within whose teeth  
The Eden apple lies,  
By sign of sin self-conscious in  
Was soul-felt sacrifice.

To no avail their plea and wail,  
They vanished one by one.  
This was the tale the Indian told  
Who worshipped god the Sun.

Some rumors claim these strangers came  
From Asia's sun-warmed clime;  
'T is prejudice that moveth us  
In translating every rhyme.

Perhaps 't was wrong and but a song  
Of mistradition made,  
But rocks remain and publish plain  
Accounts that do not fade:

Those pious piles uncrossed by smiles  
To answer History's glance,  
A monastery of chastity  
Against impure advance.

The bones that bear with jealous care  
With ice-bound mastodon  
Pictures of past. Ah, hold them fast  
And pure, sage skeleton!

Naught moves our minds nor interest finds  
As mark of mystery.  
Grown dumb with age, like Thracian sage,  
Still think, though silently.

My soul take heed, from sin-stains freed,  
With quiet dignity  
Oppose the coarse and worldly force,  
And quiet, stately be.

May sin be lost as morning frost  
Beneath a passer's feet,  
As thoughtfully I go passing by  
Through life's short, winding street.

As time hath swept and no type kept  
'Neath slow, deliberate pace,  
The life and lore that are no more,  
Leave silent, restful peace.

Depose the noise that mars thy poise,  
The troubled tide so strong.  
Life simple, sweet, is far more meet  
As well as doubly strong.

ALIENI TEMPORIS FLORES

(FLOWERS OF PAST TIME)

ARGUMENT

THE sweet soothsayers that breathe out  
    legendary lore,  
Those legends whose untruth but makes  
    them loved the more,  
Cannot in volume all complete count history  
Of meanings given their names. Still may  
    not we be free  
To reason and in our ensimplified manner  
    guess  
The parentage of superstitious songs? The  
    stress  
That Nature's charms lay on our lives has  
    right to weave  
The quaint traditions which our minds in  
    part believe,  
For things e'er look to us more than their  
    visioned form.

'T is ne'er degrading or unseemly to transform  
The scenes we see to tales that entertain the best  
Not others but ourselves. And then those meanings part in jest  
When held 'fore memory's lamp e'er bright reveal a stamp  
More tragic than of mirth. As on glasses we must wear  
To aid our enfeebled eyes, although we feel they 're there  
Unusual motes are best perceived by holding to a light.  
How oft we meet a word from another's lexicon  
Of life that so resembles ours we 're startled quite,  
As though our soul had spoken aloud its long-still woe!  
These mystic theories of an idle hour that gave  
To ancients their conception of a God, fast grow  
In fertile field of thought and by connections grave  
Bear truer fruit than seems at first sight to bestow.

## I.

Bent like a willow that weighing snow  
Of many years hath curved, or the blade  
Of Time's famed scythe as the artists show,  
Like the drooping flowers that 'gin to fade,  
With white silken hair that seeks to hide  
The forehead creased with care; but the  
tide  
Of sorrow could not efface  
The smile that sweetens the kindly face;  
At the window grandpa musing sat.  
I followed his gaze across the flat  
To the sloping steep our churchyard  
crowned,  
To the fartherest corner, where I knew  
Was a well-attended mossy mound,  
Where grandma lies, his heart lies too.  
I heard him softly sigh and two tears  
Were trembling held by his lashes long,  
When a step that told of youthful years  
Was heard and a face like a joyous song  
Peeped in at the open door. "Come, dear,"  
And sister Helen came running in,  
And grandpa's smile soon chased the tear.  
Her hair soft as silk that spiders spin  
With its satin pinions prisoning stay  
The golden gleam of a summer's day,

And trying to break from bondage sweet,  
In confusion her hair is scattered quite  
In prettiest way though not so neat,  
Embroiders with gold her fur coat white.  
"Here 's some flowers I picked for you,"  
she said,

"Some are yellow, some are pink, some  
red."

He kissed her twice and took the flowers,  
He looked them o'er with a word for each,  
With words to us given though were not  
ours,

As one who speaks to himself alone,  
But usurps the gaze of those around,  
Of that which but interests him, but would  
atone

By dissembling thought in dialogue gowned.  
"Ah, simple soothsayers, well you quote  
My fate in a sad and doleful note.

But sighs in the alembic of a hopeful heart  
Are gilded o'er with thanks, depart  
As a smile to soothe another's cross.

Who suffers most can pity more  
Than those who have known no lovèd loss.  
Come, prophetic blossoms, what 's your  
lore?

My happiest days are long since through?  
Ah, meadow-saffron, you tell it true!

And linked with the blue-bells' constancy  
And sorrowing regret the dowry  
Of ash-leaved trumpet's loneliness."

## II. THE FADED ROSE

"The pretty petals all have dropped away,  
But brown and dirty bud is left!"

Thus cries our little Helen, much bereft,  
When favorite flowers fade away.

"It seems as though my flowery butterfly,  
Afraid that he was born too soon,  
Had slipped back into his cocoon."  
Right, little one, he does not fade to die.

Our lives are like those roses too,  
Some live as long as wills the sun,  
By chance some fade though just begun,  
And prematurely tire of earthly view.

And older as we grow our graces leave,  
And leave us beautiless and sad;  
Ah, blessed thought, to make me glad  
'T is my cocoon that I begin to weave!

And sorrow's artificial heat will buy  
But sooner graces glorified,  
To flit in joy to Savior's side.  
Ah, cheering truth, I do not fade to die!

III. THE DAISY

Down in a little daisy dell  
Down beside the dusty road,  
Where brightest flower-fairies dwell  
And the seeds by pixies sowed;

There grew a daisy white and gold,  
Of which this sweet story 's told.  
It may be true or may not be  
'T is just as 't was told to me.

With many more of daisy-kind  
'T was cut a church to adorn,  
By tiny hands for good enshrined,  
A heavenly message borne.

It fell unnoticed from the wreath  
To the floor beside a pew.  
Like drops of dew on heathery heath  
That unseen the flowers renew.

It happed that eve there filled this seat  
A sinner lonesome and sad.  
Here God to-night had turned his feet  
To His love this lonesome lad.

Beneath his feet the daisy lay  
All unconscious doing good,  
As trifling deeds if done each day  
Would extend to starving food.

A food that faileth not to ease  
The soul-sick sinner's disease;  
Heavy calls for help when heeded aright  
Are answered by efforts slight.

Yes, Daisy was his sister's name,  
The sister so dear to him;  
A living gospel giving grace  
By life like a lengthened hymn.

Where sister, son, and mother met  
He alone now silent sat.  
He longed for rest, received that rest,  
Only a daisy yet did that.

This sin-weed scattered field of life  
Makes it hard for flower that grows,  
But He, the Holy Husbandman,  
Will protect the seed He sows.

## ONLY A WHITE ROSE

'T IS just six months since I put a rose,  
    Entangled it deep in tresses fair,  
Ethiopian tresses, where the rose  
Shone like a starlet glimmering there.  
A token of tryst so strong and true  
Implanted in joy no thought of rue.  
Inscribed : "The White Rose—sign of purest  
    love,  
Escutcheon of the white wood-dove."

Just half that time and I pinned a rose,  
And knotted it strong in a wedlock wreath,  
Sacred signet with heavenly light that glows,  
Like a diamond set no sign of grief.  
A token of tryst so strong and true  
Implanted in joy no thought of rue.  
Inscribed : "The White Rose—sign of purest  
    love,  
Escutcheon of the white wood-dove."

And now I am putting the same white rose  
On a bosom that 's cold in marble mould,

Where it lies in peace from life's sad throes,  
Like the marbled mound on the graveyard's  
snows.

A token of tryst so strong and true  
That 's welded more tightly by unlaved rue.  
Inscribed : "The White Rose—sign of purest  
love,  
Escutcheon of the white wood-dove."

But 't is well—that the white reveals no blush ;  
That the silence of death, not shameful hush,  
Is answer to this my heart's advance ;  
Bereft by Death's not by Guilt's cursed  
lance.

A token of tryst so strong and true,  
That beareth no blot on its *tincture* true,  
Inscribed : "The White Rose—sign of purest  
love,  
Escutcheon of the white wood-dove."

## A SONG OF THE SOUTH

THE birds and bees had ceased their song,  
Afraid of shadows drear and long.  
Upon a bench near a cabin's door  
A group of colored children sit;  
But now they noisily play no more,  
Wait till the cabin's candle's lit.  
The quiet of the hour seems  
To lead to far more sober dreams.  
Each simple mind is filled with thought  
The same as we in youth oft caught,  
Of golden riches, joy untold,  
That farther flee as years unfold.  
The light is lit, then comes a call  
From mammy dear, then scramble all,  
With "Har me is," or "Har comes me."  
They're in the house 'fore you count three.  
Around the crude old cabin sit,  
Their faces beam by firelight lit,  
Attentive wait. There's grandpa old,  
Whose hair is like the winter's snow.  
The times of slavery by him told

Have left the marks of weighty woe.  
And now he leads the evening prayer,  
The simple service far more fair  
To glance of God than learnèd law  
And conned by clergy wise.  
They try not in their faith to find a flaw,  
But laden with lowly love prayers rise  
Carried along by simple song:  
“Listen, Lord, our evening prayer,  
Sing it loud in Heaben, Lord,  
Sing it for our sister’s dere,  
On dat shore we’re sailing toward.

“When it’s dark and quiet-like,  
When the birds have gone to bed,  
And the solemn thoughts us strike,  
Listen while our prayer is said.”

The conscience clear and humble heart  
Bring blessings to their sleep,—a sleep  
That can’t be earned by other art.  
Lord, teach me simple love to Thee,  
That I more like this folk may be!  
The deeper down in theory tied,  
The more absorbed and moved our mind,  
Sometimes these things will love elide.

## THE CHARM OF THE BROOK

ALONG the bending, bubbling brook,  
Soft whisp'ring to attentive reeds  
That lean, half-grasping mossy nook,  
To list the madrigal it pleads;

That gurgling 'neath the feeble bridge,  
From which impends a weeded knot  
That like cedilla softens tone,  
It hums a hymn not light forgot;

Or searching for that wished-for fern  
A saucy frog upholds his head,  
In studied hauteur tries to learn  
The one by profanation led;

That seems to chuckle as we ask  
Each other genus of a frond.  
And there to aid the stream in task  
Some lad had built a bank-walled pond;

We draw from this minute lagoon  
A cup that Hebe would have held

124 The Charm of the Brook

---

In triumph to her lord, but tune  
A half-felt doubt of charm it held.

Weave on, thou silver thread in life,  
That tinged with sorrow mourns for years  
Long past, a happier lace o'er mask  
Of cynic mail, no proof 'gainst tears.

And on the beauty blush possessed  
Where Nature's fairies have caressed  
My soul steals kisses in sweet joy.  
A Lethe thou art without alloy !

## DYING DANNIE

A STORM had swept o'er Shrewsbury's  
shore

For many a weary day,  
The white-capped waves in anger tore  
As they came from down the bay.

A small, neat sloop at anchor rode,  
And bravely she fought the gale;  
The waves dashed o'er her streaming deck,  
And the ropes in wind did wail.

A fisher's humble home this boat,  
With his wife and baby boy.  
'Mong storms they lived, at storms they  
laughed,—  
A storm is the sailor's joy.

But Dannie 's sick to-night, and they  
A full mile from Sandy Hook.  
To reach the shore, the only way,  
Since their skiff the wild waves took,

Was but to swim through whirlpools wild,—  
    But the doctor must be called;  
The fisher watched his dying child,  
    More by grief than storm appalled.

His weeping wife watched stern-set face,  
    With a fear she dared not show.  
He turned,—his tight-shut lips, grave face,  
    Told 't was vain to murmur “No.”

“I 'm going, dear; 't is a fearful fight,  
    But the Dannie lad will die.”  
She seized his arm, with strength of fright  
    At the storm and death so nigh.

He kissed her twice; she bade him stay,  
    For 't was death to swim that sea;  
In voice with love grown soft he said,  
    “But he 'll die, our baby wee.”

And in the sea he found his fears  
    Were but naught beside the real;  
He saw in thought the wife in tears,  
    And the thought gave strength of steel.

But soon so tired, how sweet to rest,  
    And his arms gave up their task  
And sought his weak and bruisèd breast,  
    And the waves his form soon mask.

But sudden starts the sleeping form,  
The waves he heard them sighing,  
"Poor man, he 's conquered by the storm,  
And Dannie lad is dying!"

No sleeping now, but all alert,  
And the waves he flings aside;  
What though they bruise and hurt,  
The race is against Death's tide!

The watching life-men on the shore  
Noticed something floating near,  
And from the greedy gulf him bore,  
So far gone for life they fear.

Then ready hands assistance gave  
And his tale to them soon told;  
A boat and crew they need not crave,  
For they offer, young and old.

The doctor saved the Dannie lad,  
But he got there just in time;  
An hour more and far more sad  
Indeed would have been my rhyme.

In after years the tale oft told,  
The father ever would say:  
"The labor done for love is light,"  
We all think that every day.

## THE ATLANTIC

THOU remnant of that universal sea  
Which cloaked the world before our  
history,  
At thy great power what tides of thought  
awake,  
The mind of man its smallness learn you  
make.

Thank thee for times in sweet security  
You 've borne my bark across your bosom  
broad,  
When danger held not the dread of maturity,  
In youth when nothing feared and nothing  
awed.

But now I owe thee something more, for  
gifts  
No price but love can buy. As Nature  
found  
No such safe storehouse as thy bed and  
drifts—  
For study there is mystery in each mound.

There's planning polyp that martyred makes  
the land,

A tiny cell with scarce an organ known,  
That, leagued with millions of its kind, and  
sand,

Accomplish well what can't be done  
alone.

The polyp a lesson preaches us,—that power  
Is unity. Each one his part and all  
Can do what seems to one like clouds that  
lower

Before the summer storm's dread strength  
doth fall.

Beneath thy roaring tide 't is fairy-land,  
Where water-waving groves hold flowers  
and trees,

Each one like stone-turned rainbow band,  
That flashes in brightest hues in watery  
breeze.

And mountains grim guard vales in deepest  
night

Where strangest beasts in safe seclusion  
swim,

For study rich but never brought to light,  
Not e'en for Science's all-winning whim.

So strong and yet so kind, you smiling stand  
The seaming scars that ships by thousands  
leave;  
Sometimes a frown, but moods move sea and  
land,  
Sometimes in joy, sometimes so sad we  
breathe.

You guard your treasure well as Nature  
knew,  
But man is bent to find the "how" and  
"why."  
Old ocean, I have spent my life with you,  
And wish a grave in your green groves  
when I die.

## SHAKESPEARE

SWEET scion of the showy stage,  
Whose mellow music holds a theme  
Beyond its merely sensual page,  
That bids us think as well as dream.

In common course of human code  
Philosophers make poets poor,  
For motives muffed to fashion's mode  
Though pageant proud cannot allure.

But thou hast moulded in each man  
A concrete motive or a theme,  
But as we carefully, closely scan,  
With well-known individuals teem.

You knew each human nature's bent,  
And yet bequeathed not of your own.  
Why are your works so reticent,  
And personal traits so seldom shown?

Your personal puppet was each word  
The English tongue can boast, but heard

*Conceit with an indifferent air,  
And self received not usual human care.*

The borrowed plots can cast no taint,  
As many minds have stooped to try;  
The bee that steals the flowers' paint  
But borrows to improve its dye.

## HIDDEN SORROW

I ONCE was strolling near a stream  
Whose usual mood was crystal clear,  
And much surprised that silvery gleam  
Was mantled with a muddy blear:

I sought the cause of saddening force,  
And, near the cradle of its birth,  
Where through the elms it earns its course  
With tribute to the thirsty earth,

A wind-wrenched bough was part submerged  
And yet, half-hung, swayed by the wind,  
Stirred up the silt. The stream emerged  
With tainted tide and pride inclined.

Years since I sought that rivulet,  
The tree was gone, the stream seemed  
pure,  
But on the bed the sullage set  
A shade that ever will endure.

The pure white pebbles now were brown,  
Like white rosebuds 'neath calyx screen,  
But still as I stood gazing down,  
So changed, I think what they have been.

I trembling start in sad surprise;  
What mirrored image meets my eyes?  
Have I too changed in such a way  
Since I was here in former day?

I took a stick and stirred the bed,  
Again the stream was sullied slow;  
'T was only sleeping and not dead,  
That taint received so long ago.

In joyous, unshadowed sky of youth  
Sometimes a foreign force will mar,  
Will stir a storm that muffs the moon  
And ostracizes every star.

The storm abates to thoughtless eyes,  
The soul seems full of happiness,  
But yet down deep there latent lies  
That bitter tinge of undying stress;  
  
And features seen by loving friends  
Are marked with something nameless  
quite;

The smile has sweeter grown, but tends  
To dwell beyond our earthly sight.

It needs but one word, heedless said,  
To quicken memories thought as dead,  
To stir once more the gulf of grief,  
And life 's a maelstrom, rock, and reef.

The snows, the joys that cheer the creek,  
Are met with eager, happy eye;  
When source is gone, go vainly seek,  
For snows like joys must ever die.

And though they swell the surface tide,  
In fulness tend the bed to hide,  
Unmoved, unameliorated woe  
Oft takes this chance to steadily grow.

And sorrow's sullage, though it makes  
A soul more sweet when casually read,  
Tries hard to mantle hearts that ache,  
Lest rueful word should contagion spread.

## A PAINTING BY A FRIEND

**A** SCENE with smiling on its face,  
Two gifts of God's all-tender Grace:—  
The man-made but enhallowed shrine,  
And Nature, ours, but ever Thine.

All clothed with satin robe of white  
That Nature drew in dark of night,  
An holy altar-cloth, and spread  
To teach us softened, thoughtful tread.

The Sabbath stillness reigns supreme  
As in some sweet and happy dream,  
And seems its quiet to diffuse  
Upon my soul as I look and muse.

The fane, one of those precious few  
To old world give sublimity,  
But slight, for ceded faith, the new,  
That scorned restraint for liberty.

The evergreens form background meet,  
Now spangled with a thousand gems

Enhancing simple dignity  
Of church that proud display condemns.

A far more suited ornament  
To show the people's worshipping will,  
To faith a better monument  
Than gilded pane and marbled sill.

## SIMPLE WORSHIP

I NEED no grand enmarbled shrines  
Where eyes are sovereign to the soul,  
Whose grandeur in our prayer entwines,  
And form must fashion pious rôle.

But God's best altar 's in the wood,  
All service there is true and good.  
I well remember service there,  
An hour in sweet informal prayer.

The worshippers attentive seem,  
The scene is silenced at their wish,  
As floating leaf lingers in stream  
Held steady by nipping, leaping fish.

So every noise abeyance felt,  
While all creation thoughtfully knelt,  
This worship reigned a moment long  
And then the choir raised heartfelt song.

With baton no director metes,  
The tune was timed by glad heart-beats;

The part each took not voice decreed,  
Nor any written staff they need;

The scales have fallen from their eyes,  
The rod and staff that leadeth them  
Are sent from Him within the skies;  
Not that we would these things condemn,

But when the very soul and heart  
Are dressed to fashion's robes and gowns  
'T is time that world and I should part  
To pious woods from 'sembling towns.

## AT TWILIGHT

BALANCED day and evening now they  
swing,  
Twilight shadows around me cling,  
Melodious memories softly bring,  
And to my resting spirit sweetly sing.

Loath to leave her fading field seems day,  
Strives still, and for an instant seems to stay  
Drear Darkness' approaching fated sway,  
But Nature rules and Nature has her way.

Thus memory, lingering, held by sadness  
E'er regrets our souls to leave,  
Till the Lord in all His goodness  
Helps our heavy hearts not grieve.

## THE AMOEBA

TOU tiniest taste of Nature's scheme,  
Tell us the secret of Life's dream  
As you know it, who unseen,  
Except by those with man-made eyes,  
Live on while centuries pass between,  
While man but moment lives then dies.  
With scarce one organ thou art made,  
Yet, used in praises justly paid  
To Him who made both you and me;  
Live on in silent, sweet content.  
With what a thoughtful memory  
Has Nature all in wisdom sent!  
Can it be that thou, so simple, small,  
Art forefather of animals all;  
The Poi-de-Stoi on which there rests  
The solution of Darwin's thought,  
Changed with countless centuries' tests  
In other forms thy comfort sought?

## THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

O H, daylight-exiled bird, what hast thou  
done,  
That thou art so afraid of the sun?  
Are rumors of thine occult powers true?  
When evening hides from curious view,  
All muffed in brown cabalistic coat  
    And drawing burly head down close,  
Straining with mournful - meaning charms  
    your throat,  
Art then invoking vengeful woes?

I creep close to your low-built home,  
    Where you in study spend the day,  
Awaiting dark to spell the starry dome,  
    And see you stand within the ray  
Of light the moon steals through the trees to  
    look;  
Inspired with theme, you surely look  
Far larger than you are, and musing sit;  
My presence speech will not permit.

And then as, scorning ignorant company,  
He fleetly flies away from me,  
The "Mariner's Spectre Ship" made far  
more sound,  
Then sepulchral quiet steals around,  
Commanding e'en the leaves their fluttering  
cease;  
Then from some distant shadowy trees  
I hear the mournful cadence once again;  
I scarce can blame the superstitious men.

## THE HILLS OF CLIFTON, ENGLAND

ABOVE the Avon's fickle tide,  
Where at noon mighty vessels ride,  
At eve aught but a play-yacht 's barred,  
So vast its change. It hurries out,  
Then back it flows as if to guard  
'Gainst time, this wrought about  
By freshening every day  
So age its stream can't stay.

Above this restless river's bank,  
Towering sublime on either flank,  
In contrast to the changing stream  
Stands still the same that centuries saw,  
Of which e'en science may but dream,  
The hill of classic Clifton's tales.

They scoff at Time nor deign  
By refreshment to gain.

Grand gates that guard this busy brook,  
Following it through pretty bend and crook;  
The green of foliage on the hill  
Meets green from river just below.

The trees the stream with shadows fill  
'Cept where the sun steals through to glow.

The hills with trees and flowers  
Make perfect fairy-bowers.

These, too, are books with memories deep  
That from a hundred centuries' sleep  
Now willing wake for us to read,  
The tales of life in ages old,  
And waiting minds to wisdom lead.  
Think, Solomon knew what ants retold ;  
We take a bit of stone,  
Tell when and how 't was sown.

Crayon is from chalk often made  
And Clifton's hills in chalk conveyed  
To man a view that artists shun,  
And ere their work is half begun  
These hills invade for pigments old,  
That pictures of the past unfold.

## ECCLESIASTES XI., 1.

CAST crumbs upon the sea, they 'll swim  
to shore for thee,

A penny spent will bring reward fit for a  
king.

What though some sink, the greater part will  
blessings be,

The crumbs that sink in sweeping 'long  
the bed take time.

A book in path of brother bound for darkest  
doom,

With word of hope might move in mem-  
ory's mind

Of time when grace lit life that now is naught  
but gloom,

And there a fertile field for growing gos-  
pel find.

## THE PHYSICIAN

WHO toils so much for others' pains,  
Braves all wild winds and raging rains,  
To lighten some poor suffering soul,  
And mind and body's cross condole?

Who stands beside that death-wrapped bed  
With moistened eyes but stern-set lips,  
Supports in hands his listening head,  
To watch each breath from pallid lips?

And then when death at last comes nigh,  
And poor sick sinner fears to die,  
Who points to Him who comforts all,  
And takes away thoughts that appall?

'T is he whom God commission gave  
His children's burning brow to lave,  
And last when heavenly power prevails  
Lead them to Him who never fails.

## ON THE RIVER

A LONE, alone, I 'm all alone,  
And many, many miles from home.  
My shell scarce swims a finger's length  
In the sluggish stream whose utmost  
strength  
Seems spent to make the silence stronger,  
And, too, the way from home the longer.  
In mind the scene will long abide:  
Tall trees make fringe on either side,  
The stream with bubbling bend conspires  
With trebled trees in waving spires  
To close me in a copse so fair  
Not oft the landscape-fairies spare.  
But now, when 't is in sleep so still  
The breeze scarce shakes the stubborn trees,  
There 's naught disturbs sweet memory's  
will.  
The time is that when thought best moves,  
As conquered day her force removes;  
Softly sinks the golden sun to rest  
Behind yon forest's leafy crest,

Slowly retreats like a stag at bay,  
Loath to leave the fast-departing day.

Now the glory fades from us away.

It is twilight and darkening falls  
The summer night. Fast across  
The vistas wavering shadows glide  
To the waiting darksome walls,  
Where the trembling water seeks to hide.  
There comes a sadness over me  
That soothes as well as pains.  
Methinks in the tiny waves I see  
A picture, so sweet my gaze it gains,  
Smiling up at me, oh, so wistful!  
The lips move! I bend to catch the sound,  
The word of comfort and of love  
That I was wont to hear; around  
The shadows start to disappear;  
Fainter grows the image dear.  
"Mother, mother," I lean and call,  
But o'er Luna the cutains fall,  
The darkness comes, and I 'm alone.  
Sadly I turn away, a groan  
Ill-suppressed upon my lips  
And soft a whisper slips,—  
"Absent, and yet in love how near!"

## A WINDY DAY

**S**WEET, brush those truant tresses 'way  
That fall like graceful night soft down,  
To hide the eyes of brown, where day  
Is glancing forth in sunbeam gown.

Their own lash, modest mantle, shades  
Enough, 'neath which the beams retreat  
And all the light demurely fades  
Into a dreamy thought so chaste and  
sweet.

Or is the wind trying to drape  
With your silky raven locks as crape,  
For laughter that died from your eyes  
At what you knew e'er words apprise?

I 'll brush those truant tresses 'way,  
'T is time for mourning not this day;  
The eyes I know burn quite as bright,  
Not laughter, but with true love light.

## OUR MARTYRED STATESMAN

THOU too, so strong, so good, so great,  
    Must feel assassin's cursèd power.  
We sing with feeling songs of state,  
    "Land of the noble free," whose tower  
Of strength is freedom borne,—too free  
    So deep in seeming safety grown,  
Our eyes are blind, we cannot see  
    The murderers e'en around our throne.

For one like thee death comes not hard,  
    But such an end we mourn far more  
Than death in battle sung by bard,  
    Assassination shames e'en war!  
Around thy tomb are tearfully laid  
    The wreaths the world hath joined to  
        weave,  
But thou hast crowns that cannot fade,  
    And earth's for brighter laurels you leave.

The world is sad, the world is sad,  
To think it holds such creatures bad,

Who Moloch-like do murder make  
For murder's sake. But not alone  
We weep, our sympathies awake  
To hear a mourning woman's moan,  
In vain she watching waits for him  
Through eyes that touched with tears are  
dim.

The mighty oceans ceaseless roll,  
And caduke cliffs are crushed to dust,  
That carried by the tide is dropped  
And tied by Time forms new earth-  
crust.  
Thus rock destroyed returns to rock.  
So Nature e'er transitions try,  
E'en shifts the seeming staple stock;  
Why wonder, then, that we must die?

From silt of streams by centuries' cement  
closed  
Come learnèd lessons of the past.  
So when *your* past is left exposed  
Ideals of character are cast,  
To lift the world from sinful sand  
A step, a stride, to stronger stand.  
Such men are given of God  
That we might walk where they have trod.

The world rolls on and seasons slip,  
And ne'er cæsura take; there seems  
To be a something lost, our lip . . .  
Can't form the pathos felt. But beams  
Of light and truth are guiding shed  
To make a model manhood plain.  
Rest thee, with all our martyred dead,  
With Lincoln, Garfield, and the *Maine*.

## LORD, GIVE US CHEER

'T IS dark and drear and sad to-night,  
Lord, linger near, make bright  
When memories murmur in mine ear  
Long past though ever here.

Teach of that holy home on high,  
So thoughts like these may die.  
Give us one glimpse of loved ones lost  
To soothe our souls storm-tossed.

In sadness sunk, teach us to pray  
With humble, thankful heart;  
Give thanks that things are not far worse  
To bear Lord, cheer impart!

## A NATURE PARADOX

THOU bird-beaked beast,<sup>1</sup> what canst thou be,  
Where shouldst thou dwell, on land or sea?

Could Nature make mistake like this,  
So careful seldom makes a miss?

Of form both bird and beaver made,  
But cannot fly, can only wade.

We have dull days when senses sleep,  
Whate'er we do scarce aught we reap.

Discouraged Nature may have borne  
Thee when she felt as we, forlorn.

<sup>1</sup> *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus.*

## 'T IS PROFITABLE

WHY wander wearily along,  
Encumbered so with care?  
But join the e'er-rejoicing throng,  
Ennumbered sing your share.

Why travel sunk in sin, a tramp,  
Through dark and endless night?  
Take Jesus as your guiding lamp,  
He 'll lead your feet aright.

You may become a prince with God  
While sin no tribute gives;  
The man of God with peace is shod,  
The sinner suffering lives.

## THE HERMIT-THRUSH

SUPERIOR rival of the nightingale,  
Sad anchorite of forest's gloom,  
But once I 've heard your songs sublime.  
All fail  
To weave in their poetic loom  
A laurelled crown for your sublimest songs,  
But give to him what you belongs.

Within the grand cathedral of the wood  
When day draws down her monk's gray  
hood  
And night becomes, then rise your evening  
hymns,  
Inspire to cast aside all whims  
And kneel in worship meet. The forest  
prays,  
Subdued by your soul-reaching lays.

Well may you jealous be of song you frame  
And like a great composer play  
To dearest friends before you give it name.

One note like that again I pray,  
One moment wrapped in such soul-stirring  
    bliss  
Were worth a lifetime such as this.

## VICTORIA

THIS world is like a book,  
And its pages are its men;  
And the common men make the printed  
page,  
And the pictured are the famed;  
And we interest take in the studied age  
From the pictures that are named.

A blessed chapter this  
That contains Victoria's face;  
She held England's throne, but earth's  
proud to own  
Humble homage to her mace,  
Which, as by the custom royal,  
Was borne ahead, but by angels loyal.

Her power encompassed the world,  
And respect was mingled with love  
That was formed by her mercy and grace.  
And the world with those above  
As she left her "well-run race"  
Wept the tears so sweet and soft.

## LONGFELLOW

MY thought upon mind's sea lies motionless

As model bark with broken oars adrift.  
I fain would find the words my love can't  
confess,  
My unconceit even for love won't lift.

All has been far more sweetly said than I  
Can ever hope to say. I would that mine  
Were immortal words, that I in love might  
lay

A trifling tribute to those gifts divine.

Those poems that perennial blessings live,  
Acknowledge only one, one sweeter gift,  
And that 's your life, that humble life of love  
That, lived for others, helps our labors lift.

Beside your never-dying songs I 'll lay  
My words that cannot live but for a day.  
My cycle cast to precepts you have taught  
May reach result that you in writing sought.

The love, respect, that 's deep within our  
mind  
Cannot of words a suited sentence find ;  
For thoughts that hold of heart the largest  
part  
Are those that are not shared, that are not  
bared.

II

## THE FOREST FIRE

I STOOD at twilight on a cloud-caressing  
hill  
And watched the Furies fling their forces up  
the steep,  
The woods with hell-personifying horror fill,  
With sound like thousand demons awful,  
loud, and deep,  
Broken sometimes by shrill, heart-rending,  
frightened cry,  
As some poor furred or feathered victim fell  
to die  
A martyr's death. The kings unfriendly,  
Frost and Fire,  
Have blended might to further funeralize  
attire  
Of earth in mourning muffed for Summer's  
much-moaned death.  
Hath Vulcan from Vesuvius' failing forge,  
which rains  
Of million storms must have allayed, moved  
smelting-shop

To curious covert of our low unmounted  
chains  
Of wood, that he may case dear Nature base  
to top  
With an impenetrable suit of mail to  
stand  
The weight of wintry war? As fiendish  
flood o'erflowed  
And drowned the sister cities twain of Italy's  
land,  
So now on million helpless homes with year's  
food stored  
Sweeps unremorseless flame. Few escape  
through galleried grots,  
Their homes by habit, safe from outside  
wrath, but lots  
More die. The setting sun with all its glory  
fades  
Before the scene that in abeyance holds  
night's shades.  
At last its seeming insatiate lust is all ap-  
peased  
And slow withdraws its passioned power.  
The sun at morn  
With timid step ascends to throne on high,  
angered,  
And looks with misty eyes at woods of  
beauty shorn.

A blackened plain with here and there surviving fires,  
That looks like dark foreboding sky on stormy night,  
With one or two brave-hearted stars that show their fires  
In calm defiance to the awful gale's fell might.

## A TEXT FOR THOUGHT

WHY can't we live to thought expressed  
In David's song, one-thirty-three :—  
“How good for us all brothers rest  
And live in godly unity !”

Why not our neighbors' best parade,  
And let their faults at rest lay laid?  
Think of the man relieved from debt  
Who pressed his poorer brother yet.

Don't think in this you 'd be alone,  
There 's always one for smiles a-search ;  
They look to you when you they meet  
For smiles on street as well 's in church.

## THE CYNIC

L AUGH not at cynic's sneers,  
He paid a price for them,  
For each a hundred tears.  
His coldness don't condemn;

'T is struggling soul's last stand  
Against a sea of grief.  
Cried he at its demand  
Would drown without relief.

Better to face a foe  
With a defiant mien  
Than walk with footsteps slow  
Upon a death unseen;

The cold and haughty head,  
Than one bowed with its weight,  
For guilt can *hang* a head,  
It may not be sorrowed state.

By snows the willow 's staved,  
By oak defiant braved;  
Which adds to forest's grace,  
The grieved or changeless face?

## SPEAKING

WHAT joy in speaking ships at sea,  
Without, how sad the voyage would  
be!

We look, we yearn for speaking signs  
That tell of friends in legible lines.

The smallest speck of smoke 's a hope,  
That broadens till a ship we see,  
Or slipping streams like suds of soap  
Their trail on seeming trackless sea.

When met the joyful greetings sent  
By small dyed rags for a time thought lent,  
But, too, a silent signal 's met,  
No sense but feeling knows its set.

It soothes our homesick souls, relieves  
The scene, light blue above all day,  
With dark at night that it receives  
To match the ever dark-blued bay.

'T is link that joins through all mankind,  
That thought of mutual sympathy;  
And travellers more that friendship find  
With joy to banish apathy.

## LOUIS J. AGASSIZ

WHILE yet in childhood's glory  
I a sweet story read,  
Of one now lives in glory,  
Whose memory reigns instead;

How he while yet a lad  
His native country left,  
But while the world was glad  
His mother was bereft.

He left to find the gifts  
That Nature him unfolds,  
And he the curtains lifts  
And fame and wisdom moulds.

But not content to keep  
The knowledge to him lent,  
His thoughts the nations reap  
In marvelling wonderment.

He whom the world reveres  
Was born in Pays de Vaud;

There learned in youngest years  
God's gifts not to avoid.

And growing, studying aimed  
To following worlds a way,  
And Natural History claimed  
Her dearest devotée.

And then from weeping worlds  
He stole with sad, sweet songs  
From earth to Nature whirls,  
She claims what her belongs.

I read, I thought; I come  
To tread his trail. No fame  
But just content in some  
Ways mark my life the same.

We cannot all be like  
This one whom follow we,  
But we can love the work  
Blest with his memory.

## LOST IN THE WOODS

'T IS sad indeed in forest to be lost  
And wandering weak and comfortless  
along,  
With none to cheer or chide, or count the  
cost  
Of injuring thoughts that to lost hope  
belong;  
And dragging self with pain through tearing  
thorn  
Laugh loud at wildcat's glaring eye and  
tooth.  
For when to man's mind a dreadful death  
is borne,  
He watches wearily as though forsooth  
The fact to him was of importance shorn.  
And all things hap as in a dream,  
The vaguest fancies find their way to him,  
And every leaf and limb do mocking seem,  
They look so like in shaded light so dim.  
At last so weak, scarce able more to stand,  
Falls faintly on the ground, starts in surprise  
At familiar marks on his every hand,  
And sees with half-unconscious eyes  
The same, same spot he 'd left at sunrise.

## THE VIOLIN

'T WAS a quiet evening and almost clear,  
    But a shadowy mist was musing  
And swaying in doubt from a June-born fear  
Of spoiling an eve so happy.  
Through its gossamer the stars sat still and  
    thought  
Like a spider from gauze-throne watching.  
And thrills of joy the evening had wrought,  
The mists in a sadness were weaving;  
A sadness that lifts from a sordid life,  
From a sphere of drear straining and strife,  
To ethereal realms where the worlds all  
    revolve  
With the sweetest music sighing:  
As the notes of the west wind to-night re-  
    solve  
Into chords with a heavenly harmonizing.  
I wandered listlessly along  
    The country road that winding,  
Charmed by the bounding brooklet's song,  
    Invited not the idle thronging

Who in the distance lazily strolled  
Along the social highway.  
No leaping pulse but quiet-souled  
My mind led in contempt from the gay.

When close beside the listening lane  
I heard a violin playing;  
And creeping close, saw, through the pane  
Of cot both small and hiding  
Within the trees, a gray-haired man;  
So old already seeing  
To Heaven's gate, his glad bow ran  
To rhyme with angel's hymning.

My soul unbound and throbbing with the  
theme  
Was led in gladsome travels like a dream.  
One moment silent by a woodland stream  
I catch its lyric verse from silvery gleam;  
Then musing, wrapped in solemn thought  
and deep,  
I climb some mist-web-captured mountain-  
steep,  
And hear the winds moan music minster-  
deep,  
Like amens from cathedral's archèd keep.  
Or nightingales in upward flight repeat  
Sonatas sung by whirling worlds whose beat

Thrills through our hearts on nights like these. Then sweet And cheering chirp of robin modest, neat. Through all of Nature's gamut my heart sings In answer to the calls from charmèd strings. My longing soul leaps forth, in sweet strife brings My mind to peace, aside all earth-thought flings.

The cunning mist entangled the quiet night ; My minstrel stopped his playing ; His face upturned with smiles alight, He seemed in peace of sleeping ; But something strange came o'er me, I stepped to where he was sitting, I touched him : "Father, peace with thee," His forehead 's cold, unfeeling !

Ay, dead ! And could a mortal feel Such heavenly thoughts inspiring As he had brought from senseless steel On that unearthly evening ! Could a mere man so play and live ? Whene'er I hear the thrilling Of a violin, to Heaven I give My soul that 's toward it striving.

The violin 's the earth-brought chord  
Of music of the spheres,  
That gives in life a higher ford  
On which Heaven in answer nears.

## MANDOLIN MEMORIES

### SERENADE I

MY mandolin's tremolos their thrill impart  
To my subdued, expectant heart,  
And touch with tumult my uncertain mind,  
As leaves are tossed by playful wind.

The stern old castle wraps his shadow-gown  
And seems to shiver at the chill  
Of ghostly light that circled moon sends  
down,  
That suits his cold reserve so ill.

The meagre breeze scarce *teases* smooth-spun  
moat,  
The silence seems to shrill my note;  
I would an accompanying bird were singing  
near!  
Music must ever modesty fear.

But rose-like in its dark, forbidding bud  
That peeps through opening walls at day,

Yon lintel looses hold of latticed shade,  
Charmed by the song that love hath made.

A heart hath heard my lay, although unseen  
I know she lists. The castle's frown  
To me is now dispelled, the friendless scene  
Hath changed, in beauty all has grown.

The graceless heath-bells' lavender coat I see  
Like Mist-flowers clothed in beauty,  
Whose every leaf 's a heart. The moat, the  
trees,  
Attempt to drown the tuneful breeze.

A timid hand slow opes the shutter wide,  
And Orpheus-like I listening bide,  
The lintel calls her modest maid  
And my Eurydice hath strayed.

## SLEEPING BEAUTY ON THE LAKE

### SERENADE II

As if on wind-blown leaf we float,  
No breeze-born bubble frights our boat.  
'T is though a sage, deliberate snail  
Was master in the art of sail.

No sound except when loving tide  
Throws murmuring kisses on our bow,  
As though in friendship to confide  
The secret of her placid brow.

Unmarred to-night by fretting frown,  
That comes when in unequal fight  
She tries the quarrelsome wind to drown ;  
The peaceful west wind reigns to-night.

A curious longing seems to fill  
The night, uneasy at the rest  
Unworld-like, but must needs be still  
At meditation's strange behest.

Not e'en the lance-like call of loon,  
'T is though the world were in a swoon,  
Like storied maid who pricked her hand  
With venom'd spindle, witches' brand.

And dare I on my waiting strings  
Strike chords that virgin love will sing,  
The kiss that will disperse the spell,  
And wake the choir I love so well?

A suited setting for our Lydian lays,  
The mandolin's soft, low murmuring,  
Transporting soul to dreamy days  
To come, or past, which happier ring.

## THE STORM NEAR THE CORNISH COAST

THE bold-winged gulls with frightened cry  
    To the creviced chalk cliffs fly,  
To the havens safe from the raging waves  
In the weather-chiselled caves.  
It seems that the Lord to warn the weak  
Hath given them power to speak,  
They in trumpet tones the caution bear  
“Beware, beware, beware.”

Then came a lurid tongue of flame,  
    The storm-god’s dreaded sword,  
That rending the hurrying storm-clouds  
came  
    And with red the black sky gored.  
Their anguished groan shook the mountain-  
heights,  
    And the sea was flecked with foam,  
Then came the rain down in unchecked  
flights  
    Beating back the angered comb.

## SARGOSSA SEA

A STRETCH of sea o'ergrown with weeds,  
A false appearing solid leads  
The mind a mocking mainland see,  
As many a show by world set forth  
Substantial seems though quicksands be.  
This tricky tract Sargossum filled,  
Which eye thinks hard though foot sees soft,  
Has passed for fields and meadows oft  
To please the sailor's eye.

Thou grawsome grave of hundred ships  
Denied a decent death, denied  
A burial too, but scornfully left  
Towed by the undertaker Tide.  
No tombstones grace thy graves. Thou art  
Thine own memorial monument.  
'T were better if on native land  
The storm to nobler death had sent  
Instead of this sarcastic strand.

## THIS BAB-EL-MANDEB

“UNLATCH this *gate of tears*,” I cry,  
“This world of sob and sigh;  
Why must I wait while friendships die  
And happiness decry?”

The waves of sorrow rise,  
Bear down before my eyes  
The friends I love, and still my cries,  
And still the tides uprise.

There moans my friend in tears,  
With sorrow past his years,  
And sympathy traced by *my* tears  
But my life’s etching rears.

But on the angry waves  
That he so vainly braves  
I see a form who ever saves—  
He walks the watery paves!

A voice divine in will  
Speaks, “Peace, peace, be thou still!”  
The storm subsides, a restful rill,  
And hope smoothes o’er the ill.

## FORGET-ME-NOT

'T IS but a Christmas card of long ago,  
A verse or two entwined with mistle-  
toe,—

But ah, what memories linger, sweet but sad,  
Yes, sad, though joined today when all was  
glad.

And on the cover lies the link 'tween now  
and yesterdays,  
In faintest blue and bound in straggling  
sprays,  
Forget-me-nots.

And Christmas comes and Christmas goes  
'tween now and then,  
But like that one will never come again.  
And life her weary trials hath given till they  
A thorny thicket make and mar the way,  
But through that tearing thicket's seeming  
close-entangled thorn  
There shines a spray unfaded and untoned,—  
Forget-me-nots.

No, no, not yet, not e'er will I forget,  
However close hangs life's care-carrying net.  
I wander lonesome through the flowered  
fields,  
Enjoy the blessed blooms that this field  
yields,  
But there is one more loved than these and  
one that cannot die,  
'T is that sweet spray that brings the past  
so nigh—  
Forget-me-nots.

## ZOOLOGY

**T**HREE 'S a song that sounds oh, how sweet!

And it 's sung by the birds to my heart,  
And the bees and the bugs they take part  
In syllables meet.

And the moths and the butterflies bright  
Trill the tune in aërial flight,  
Though the force of their voice is so light  
We can't hear.

'T is a work that is teeming with joy,  
As its God's blessed creatures we view,  
And we call them by name and we learn  
All they do.

We write down each one's failings and faults  
In the way that the Lord notes our lives,  
And our mind from the lessons they teach  
Good derives.

Still Hyotomy 's not pleasant work,  
But there 's never a song e'er so sweet  
That can all the discords well shirk  
In harmony sweet.

For we pay for life's pleasures full well  
With a pain for a smile and a kiss,  
For there 's only one place that 's all bliss,—  
    That 's in Heaven.

So the good of this song hides the bad,  
We can render the discords some way  
That they mix with the harmonies glad  
    And are lost.

And a song that is sung in this way  
Is more sweet to the ear and the mind,  
For the chords that are borne by the wind  
    Are the rhymed.

If you look with unsophistried eyes  
The affairs of this life harmonize,  
And the taint of a discord is hid  
    By the joys.

For the Christ in His sojourn on earth  
Suffered pain and adversity's thrust,  
So we 'll work and forget the bad  
    As we trust.

## THE MATCH BOY

'T WAS but a lad, a lonely lad and young,  
    Too young to march the weary miles  
        to sell  
The matches which he holds, but needs re-  
    quired.  
He sits all-tired beside a stone-walled well.

The country 's bare from winter's raging  
    war,  
The evening 's cold, and stars and moon  
    belie  
The snows enshrouded deep within the  
    clouds,  
That watch with eager eyes the time to  
    fly.

"My mamma 's with those stars, but papa 's  
    not,  
    Oh, I 'm so 'fraid he never will be there!  
Why can't I find a way to walk up there?  
    The people sing about a golden stair.

“They must have matches up in Heaven,”  
he said;

“I heered a wise man say some stars was fed  
With light by friction’s force, and that  
word’s wrote  
On each these little boxes that I tote.

“Oh, one’s gone out! Sometimes my  
matches fail;  
They ought to hold their hands to stop  
the wind,

It must be blowin’ hard up there,—and me,  
I’m cold, so cold, and no warm place to  
find.

“I wonder where’s that star that mother  
knew?

She said it showed to lead the shepherds true  
When Christ, the babe of Bethlehem, was  
born,—

Why cannot I to-night in Heaven be born?”

The morning came all dressed in mourning  
white

That He had sent, the birthright of the  
night.

The village church-bells rang for Easter  
prayer,

All Nature lay in worship still and fair.

Upon the road they found the little lad;  
With solemn rite they laid him with the  
dead,  
And noticed on the face so usually sad  
In place of frown a sweet smile reigned  
instead.

The stars that hid before the snow had led  
The weary one to worship at His feet.  
Their work completed then they mournfully  
fled  
And hid their heads within their blue  
retreat,—

Too tender to watch the undertaker cloud  
While weaving slow his soft and pure-white  
shroud.  
And all was quiet on that Easter morn,  
But joy in Heaven for there a saint was born.

## THE WRECK

IN sea-sand steeped all but the deck,  
washed white,  
And bathed in moonlight, silvery blue,  
There stands a victim of some stormy night,  
That mocking wind thus homeward blew.

The scene is one to wake the saddened  
thought,  
A boat in black upon a snow-white strand,  
And sea ashine in silver light, moonwrought,  
That leaps in diamond fire to land.

I read from rotten timbers there a tale  
Of homes, and many mothers there  
Who watched and waited for sons' home-  
bound sail,  
Till sorrow touched with snow their hair.

I 've many friends who 've gone the same  
sad way—  
This scene recalls their fate to me.

How large a share of sorrow can we lay  
Against the all-avenging sea!

The cold, stern, unrelenting sea stayed still,  
But silent claims from fight the spoils,  
And mourning mothers, weeping wives,  
ne'er will  
Bring back the lost from out its toils.

The stars look sadly down, the waves break  
low,  
And round the wreck in soft tones sing.  
They sorrowed seem for what they 've done,  
And tears of foam upon it fling.

## THE HEAVENLY SOLDIER'S HOPE

WHAT joy we 'll feel when, fighting o'er,  
We march to Heaven for mustering  
out,  
And arms and armor need no more,  
But march to time's triumphant shout.

No more the tempting foe to fight,  
No more to brave the battle's blight,  
But ranged 'fore God in sage review  
Receive for work our well-earned due.

Meet eulogy for banners borne  
Unwavering through the stirring strife,  
That tell in lines unstained, though torn,  
That God was leader all through life.

And then back from the weary war  
We 'll meet our mothers waiting there,  
We 'll find them standing on the shore  
With all our loved ones over there.

## A TRAGEDY

ONE time these two were lovers true,  
And now they meet again.  
He came the cold heart back to sue  
That all might be as then.

His pleading pulsed with eloquence  
That only love can give,  
But she with torturing diffidence  
Refused to bid him live.

He turned to hide a shaming tear,  
Oft wooed, ne'er won, by fear,  
Then made with manner dazed and slow  
The brave resolve to go.

She took his sword from off the stand  
(Placed there when he came in)  
With laughing lips and careless hand,  
That he had hoped to win :

Held out the blade, which he refused,  
Standing as one that mused.

“ Why don’t you go, why do you wait?  
I ’m tired, ’t is growing late.”

’T were better had she plunged the steel  
    Into that manly breast,  
Than words which time or art can never heal,  
’T were better, ah, yes, ’t were best.

## “MEDITATION, DAY AND NIGHT”

THROUGH the weary work of day  
I am thinking, Lord, of Thee,  
And at night these sweet thoughts stay,  
For I know Thou think'st of me.

Whether in the forest's gloom  
With the savage beasts around,  
Or sit safely in my room,  
I have always there Thee found.

Ever present in my thought,  
E'en when most absorbed in work ;  
For what work 's without Thee wrought?  
In all work life-lessons lurk.

In the morning, noon, and night  
On Thy word I meditate,  
So 's to aid the battle fight  
And help to Heaven's gate.

## DESPAIR NOT

WHY weep o'er wasted past,  
A shadow sad o'er future cast,  
For one mistake make life all rue?  
There 's ever something we can do.

To nurse regret through hours long  
For one lost act of good—'t is wrong.  
You failed to help,—try something new:  
There 's ever something we can do.

If offered help but brings disdain  
God knew your thought, 't is still your gain;  
Others still ask for love from you:  
There 's ever something we can do.

We sometimes turn God's love away:  
He sighs, but bears with us each day.  
Assist, it makes no difference who,—  
There 's ever something we can do.

## EULOGY

I WOULD not be a flower  
And grace the loveliest bower;  
I would not wish that fame  
That lauds and prints your name.

'T is poor, poor pay at best,  
Nor doth respect attest,  
Set up for common show  
To find out what you know.

I 'd rather be a tree  
In lonely woodland glade,  
That 's seen its sixth century,  
Its quiet history made.

And there in neighbor's love  
I 'd turn my head above;  
My deeds make no great sound,  
But blessings give all round.

'T is all we ask of you—  
To give our work its due.

We give you outlined thought  
On which to think you ought.

The greatest of rewards  
Would be, to see you all  
Lead to the Lord and Lord's  
In answer to *our* call.

## THE SARACEN TO HIS SWORD

“O H, model of the new-born moon,  
    Make low my foemen’s tide,  
As in the mighty sun at noon  
    The rose fell faint and died.  
The hated horde have halted just in view,  
As sharks around a dying crew.

“Remember how you served my sires  
    And flash once more to-day,  
Like sun upon the gilded spires  
    When Allah calls to pray.  
And may thy sickled form new courage gain  
To reap the hated hostile grain.

“Thy handle ’s set with lucky-stones,  
    May their color e’er be bright!  
Like those around my fathers’ thrones  
    That shine with celestial light.  
Remember those who wait our return with  
    fame—  
Thou wouldst not let it be in shame!”

## THE MEXICAN MAID

THE raven tresses flowing full and free,  
That traitorous rebosa cannot hide,  
Cast twilight shade on the rounded beauty  
Of her face, where fleeting feelings peep  
and hide.

And eyes e'er holding commune with the  
mind  
Reflect each momentary emotion there,  
Or as toward some retreating theme inclined  
Defy all reading efforts thoughts to share.

Ah, twilight is your realm of life, O maid,  
Forerunner of a beauteous tropic night,  
When brave romances mounted on the shade  
Come chasing after fast retreating light !

But fickle knights they are but twilights  
too,  
And soon retreat to draw their swords and  
woo

In other ranks and other realms where shades  
With trembling shadows mark the fickle  
maids.

The tropic twilight is its moonlight eve,  
A tremor 'tween the daylight and the  
dark.

Its love a nervous passion cannot weave,  
The restless rose can't keep its beauty  
mark.

## THE MEETING-HOUSE

HERE by the brook that only hath repelled  
The mark of flying years, where spot is knelled  
With ugly stumps that once were towering trees,  
The meeting-house still stands, but ill at ease.

The door that welcomed, in the years gone by,  
The simple folk, all friends, come here in prayer,  
By stormy vandals sieged doth prostrate lie,  
That through the breach go rushing here and there.

The conquered countries all their fashions take  
From victor's mode, and elements here make

The changes suited to their different style,  
But kindly give our work long years of trial.

Where hung the muslin shades are tapestries  
Like those that on our panes the frost doth  
freeze,  
And busy spiders take the place of hands  
Long folded in sweet rest at death's de-  
mands.

The circled woof that orb-knitters have  
spun,  
Concentric circles round and round they run ;  
Or conic nests of finest textile braid,  
That weavers of the funnel-web have made.

And they who used to frequent this dear  
place  
Have spun each one his web and circled  
by,  
Wider, farther, until he ran his race,  
Then crawled toward natal homestead,  
there to die.

From chimney wrinkled, bent with age,  
I hear the thunder of the nesting swifts,  
Each at unwelcome visitant in rage  
A discontented murmur noisily lifts.

The floor is covered with a brocade brown,  
Embroidered with a neat design, well  
made  
By feet of curious crows who 've wandered  
in  
To aid the wind-blown dust a carpet spin.

Between where crows'-feet left their fleur-  
de-lis  
A tinier tracked design I knowing see;  
The mice have also craftsmen then become;  
They usually strive all handiwork to o'er-  
come.

And we who met here in the years gone by  
We crows'-feet bear, for Time don't always  
fly.  
These interspersed with deep-drawn lines of  
care  
That speak of changes our poor lives must  
bear.

## DREAMS

WITH closed eye  
I sit and sigh  
When day is done and night is nigh,  
And eyeless see  
What eyes can't see,  
Those sweet, sad scenes of memory.

And rove again  
O'er moor and fen,  
Or run the wildcat to its den.  
What frightens me  
Then gave but glee;  
Eye followed by the foot so free.

Or Dover's doves  
Which the sailor loves;  
From songless cries the shrillness dies  
Though seas between,  
We're hard to wean,  
Their song's most sweet in memory's scene.

The mountains high  
That pierce the sky,  
Half held by earth and half by sky,  
All give a stone,  
Of life a part loan  
To inlaid structure of mine own.

The past prepares  
From present cares  
Her banner bright ; that bears  
Us through to-day.  
Thus rest find I,  
Till at the Dawn, whose night is nigh.

## HIDDEN BEAUTY

HOW oft from verdure-vault I 've dug  
Some bashful beetle or a bug,  
Whose bright empurpled coats refuse  
The sun's light in prismatic hues!

All men have eyes and yet see not  
One half the beauty of the earth,  
But with the trustlessness of Lot,  
From plenty toil to gain a dearth.

How oft a dusty, time-soiled tome  
Found in some uninviting home  
Hath willed a wealth of thought and wit,  
That in our Senate now might sit!

Most beauty 's modest, must be shown  
Appreciation and respect,  
Repelling all who come alone  
With curious eyes and deference neglect.

## BOATING SONG

OUR sails are gently filling,  
Blown by the breeze,  
The spray o'er bow distilling,  
Its milk-white frieze.

Our bark o'er foam in flying  
Sails silvery seas;  
As if mean earth defying,  
To Cloudland flees.

A song in joy we 're singing  
To white-winged craft;  
Blest bird, us homeward bringing,  
To loved ones waft.

And now our sails we 're trimming  
For landing sweet;  
O'er still, smooth water skimming,  
Our friends to greet.

## NATURE'S OWN NATION

THE smoky sky of an Indian-summer's  
day

A hazy halo o'er the fields now weaves,  
Like camp-fires built by squaws on rainy  
day,

When wet had drenched the brush and  
leaves.

And fancy finds me forms of flying men  
Pursuing through the woods the frightened  
deer.

'T is now the braves, so like the winter wren,  
Were wont to gather food for winter drear.

And harvested stacks of corn arranged in rows  
Make ideal wigwams for imagined men;  
And round the top the silk-entasselled bows  
Seem trophies set in tepee's top again.

But long since gathered to their fathers they,  
And council's fire that blazed in former day

Hath burned away; a saddened few attest  
That most have gone toward setting sun and  
rest.

Dear Nature's noblemen were they, whose  
mail,

Simplicity, was guard against all sin,  
Till on their flower of purity the hail  
Of white man's curse came beating, blight-  
ing in.

## PRAYER

WHEN to your Savior you have prayed  
All sorrows quickly fade,  
As stone-set plant in scorching sun  
Before the root 's begun.

For sorrow 's not akin to man,  
Though met in every clan,  
It is an incongruity  
In souls that would be free.

In childish grief our mothers soothe,  
When more mature we pray ;  
How she the wrinkled cares would smooth,  
Recall the smiles to play !

'T was mother dear who taught us prayer,  
She too is now above.  
How meet to seek for comfort there,  
Drawn by a mother's love !

Perhaps we too will soon be there  
To talk without a prayer ;  
But still 't is sweetest sort of speech  
That wisest tongues can teach.

## THE OCEAN OF LIFE

THE midnight moon so clear and bright  
Withdrew his cheerful, welcome light  
Behind a smothering fleecy cloud  
That not one escaping ray allowed.

A shiver seemed to penetrate  
To Nature's heart, and all was cold,  
As on a joyous summer fête  
When village funeral bell is tolled.

I saw an object in the tide  
And drifting slowly toward the shore;  
Each sullen wave upon its side  
Pushed painfully toward the waiting shore.

As warrior 'gainst o'erwhelming force  
Slowly, reluctantly retreats;  
One billow broken with a foaming course,  
But quick succeeding next defeats.

Sometimes a dash of silvery spray  
Shows white upon the gloomy wave,

As nature-sculptured salt display  
When light is born to virgin cave.

By all-resistless mighty strength  
The tide-tossed object lies at length  
Upon the resting, strifeless strand,  
To wonder why it was averse to land.

Upon life's ocean I am tossed  
And drifting slowly toward the shore.  
The years, life's waves, with will uncrossed  
Waft me by their resistless war.

And why, then, should I struggle so  
At leaving this dark, gloomy life?  
Why not drift calmly with the flow  
Toward place of peace from stormy strife?

Ah yes, if 't were not for the joys  
That sometimes soothe the tiring noise,  
The occasional dash of silvery spume  
That brings relief in usual gloom!

Each new succeeding year propels  
Me nearer to the bounding shore;  
Each clearer than the last foretells  
That soon I 'll tossing drift no more.

## THE HAPPY DEAD

THE tomb said to the crumpled note  
That lay beside its mossy mound,  
Forsaken on the unrespecting ground,  
Where dew-drops tinting on it wrote:

“Why hast thou those sad tears at dawn,  
When all should wake refreshed with joy?  
If thou wert I, thou trifling toy,  
Thou ’dst have cause smiles for grief to pawn.

“I hold a mother loved and mourned,  
And sorrowing children gather here,  
Console each other, drawing near,  
As mutual loss is felt and mourned.”

The note replied: “Beneath my fold,  
In neat and pretty girlish script,  
Lies greater grief than yours, O Crypt!  
A heart, a living heart, but cold.

“A plea for life, with this reply  
(And written to a school-girl friend,

She thought his heart thus more to rend),  
'I 'll bother not his feigned tears dry.' "

The tomb grew thoughtful for a while:  
"My dead rest peacefully with God;  
Your writer soon with new love shod  
Will with contempt on grieving smile.

"Your mourner knows no fellowship  
To dry his tears at sight of theirs.  
Mine pitying cannot make repairs,  
Yours scorning will not mend the slip."

A breeze that had till now stood still  
To listen to the sad note cite,  
Came sighing through the trees, and light  
Replying sighs the leafed tomb fill.

With thanks for pity, farewells said,  
The note went hand in hand with breeze  
Beneath the weeping willow trees,  
And left the tomb with its happy dead.

## UNLOVED

WITH spur of loneliness I strayed  
To Nature's throne in a courtly glade  
Where twining boughs gothic arches made,  
To seek her thankful accolade  
For faithful following through the year,  
But even this glad seat was sere.

And destitute in this wide world  
Of loving friends, aimlessly  
I wandered far. My hopes all furled  
And life a calm, no cheer for me,  
No wind to waft me on my course,  
And naught with wish of forward force.

Where hides that one that walked with  
me ?  
How oft we sat beneath that tree  
And saw the squirrel seek the nut !  
What, oak, and thou art grieving too !  
Some forester has cruelly cut  
The twining vines that lovèd you.

Unloved, what does thy strength avail?  
The snow of sorrow, pain's sharp hail  
Will prey upon your lonely heart,  
And unprotected by the love  
So tender, yet of mighty art  
To cheer, how long wilt stand above?

Already you and I commence  
To show the strain of grief so tense.  
Our heads once so ambitious, proud,  
By smiles uncheered are burden-bowed;  
But grief is not the only frost we bear  
Or blighting ban that we must wear;

'T is hard enough that Nature takes  
What Nature nurtured, Nature makes.  
Our hearts were not so pained if they  
So frail were faded by the frost;  
That 's Nature's law. But borne away  
To trim another's home at our life's cost!

Their beauty lured some woodman's blade,  
Who placed them in a palace grand,  
A prettier home than lonesome glade,  
Wrapped now at winter's stern demand  
In sombre hues. With summer's bloom  
Their yearning hearts may gain the wintry  
gloom.

Old oak, our strength amounts to naught;  
'T is well the snows are eating fast  
Into our hearts, and soon by work they  
wrought

With all our strength we 'll lie at last.  
The vines then penitent will grow,  
But begging eyes but cumbent trunks will  
show.

## GEOLOGIC MAN

ALL men resemble geologic rocks:  
As each upholds on earth his form  
Each shows by life he leads his origin  
And whether born mid flowers or in storm.

A sedimentary rock by settling sand  
Is formed, and many men by gradual  
growth  
Gain wealth of wisdom. By slow study  
stand  
Above the world where those of quicker  
growth  
Like Bible's rootless plant ne'er rise so high.  
The noblest character is ever formed  
But step by step, and grain on grain is laid,  
And hardened down by many tempests  
stormed.

Organic rocks are made of mingled mites  
That once were living forms. Some men  
are made

Of efforts by another given. Each trait  
Admired shows fossilised forms that cannot  
fade,  
Of his mother or a minister's strong stress.  
Within each goodly deed we read a tale  
Of those who jointly strove this soul to bless  
And form a solid character that would not  
fail.

And last, not least, are they who constitute  
The igneous class of rock. They 're  
formed by fire,  
And under pressure are prepared, the root  
Of life that 's destined to take station  
higher  
In after years. When danger oft we meet  
We can more safely its known perils greet;  
And man whose life has under fire been  
formed  
Knows best defense when by same foe he 's  
stormed.

## I LOVE HIM YET

ONCE more hath God thought best to  
wound,  
Again defeat my efforts crowned ;  
He does not hate though He has frowned ;  
    My heart is set,  
    I love Him yet.

And if my sorrows steadily grow  
I 'll try and make my groanings low,  
That all my sufferings may not show,  
    Like Job be set ;  
    And love Him yet.

O Lord ! I thank Thee for this cross  
And count as gain all earthly loss ;  
Thou sayest there 's gold for all this dross ;  
    My heart is set,  
    I love Thee yet.

## TO LOVE

TO love is like the picking of a rose,  
Although unseen, perhaps, the thorn  
is there;  
Perhaps our soul will soon in sorrow's throes  
Contend, that now pulsates in bliss.

And though the former perfume still remains  
When many years have passed 'tween now  
and then,  
That can't atone for faithful thorn that pains  
When memory's wind blows sweetly near  
again.

To love is like the picking of a rose,  
And after—lonesome is the stem and sad.  
They say "Inanimate, can feel no woes,"  
What do they say of me when I am sad?

"His heart is dead," they say where'er I go.  
A dead thing throb and burn and pain me so?  
A coal may sear e'en though it does not glow,  
Ah little, oh how little do they know!

## MY MOTHER

'T IS the sweetest word we know,  
And it 's one we whisper low,  
For it thrills through every heart  
Its peace and rest to impart.

There are those who 've done great deeds  
Of which one in wonder reads,  
Women who seemed the world to please,  
But my mother 's not like these;

But her deeds are sung above  
And she 's thought of but in love,  
For she 's quiet and so sweet;  
If you could my mother meet!

## ROMAN RELICS IN ENGLAND

BENEATH yon Druid altar shade we view  
The wondrous works the invaders  
wrought with toil;  
Aye, conquerors, though their songs were  
short indeed.

Those vantage-points in this barbaric soil,  
The cultured strongholds, homes of victors  
then,  
Part winners then, part winners doomed  
to stay;  
In land where e'en the storms and winds  
were men  
To guard their almost virgin shore; the  
way,  
'Cept by the rumors merchant-strewn, un-  
known.  
And rocks and reefs formed potent navies  
there,  
Assailed the tortured ships; by Nature  
thrown;  
Discouragement was near, but brought  
no fear.

The bravery borne in righteous cause is  
blest,

But bravery backed by tyranny is curst;  
And now these mighty walls are laid to rest;  
The forts that scorned the foe's attempt  
to burst

Have ivy-conquered sunk to self-same state  
'Fore Nature made them rock, but else  
than war

Hath left its signa slumbering here:  
For wicked luxury leaves in rock-formed  
lore

A tale of times when pleasure was a trade;  
The massive baths whose grandeur e'en  
now lives

To claim its comment just; but man ne'er  
made

The work that bore the buffets Nature  
gives.

And now with powers that once prevailed  
o'er all,

Whose mandates made the world in trem-  
bling bow,

Its tools to harmless dust ignobly fall,  
To garnish graves in effigy that hold  
The nation named with every name but  
"Good,"

And graced with every god but Christ.  
    The gold  
And purple now are turned to green; where  
    stood  
The cohorts, crows and ravens wheel and  
    flank.  
These works are books, the men the pages  
    old,  
And long since closed, they lie upon their  
    rest,  
Where many years have moulded o'er and  
    dressed  
Them deep in dust. Unused though print  
    grows never dim.

## FATHER

I 'VE mentioned father once before,  
There 're those in weary world of ours  
We like to linger with far more  
Than we have hours.  
This noble man is one to whom  
Close study makes one closer cling;  
The more we know the more we wish,  
'Mong men a king.  
His work to cure and comfort ills  
And his delight do what God wills.  
A pain seems light, our suffering 's still  
As he steps o'er the sill.

## A STONE FROM SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

A FRAGMENT found by friends and  
given to me,  
That I with it as keystone build an arch  
To span the stream that now is most a sea,  
And block for moment brief Time's on-  
ward march.

The co-essential fir and cedar fade,  
And e'en the walls of your strong substance  
made  
Now lie in attitude of humble prayer,  
From persecutions more than they could  
bear.

The earth sailed seven times around the sun  
While workmen wrought to rear your  
stately walls,  
But many, many times that seven she 's run  
'Fore your completely conquered struc-  
ture falls.

In silence shaped, then doomed to undergo

The siege of turbulent times and sadly scarred

By desecrations all-uneared. And slow  
Thy virgin purity was mournfully marred.

And now once more in sleeping silence cloaked,

The changeful course of your long life revoked,

The death as peaceful, quiet as the birth,  
For the longest trial of trouble 's like a girth

And must possess two ends. Our soul  
Departing on a new and unknown rôle,

With sorrow sick will soon resign the course  
And seek the comfort, rest from former source.

This stone may aid me build a Bridge of Sighs

O'er which my thoughts, by memory prisoners held,

Now march with solemn step and downcast eyes,

To mourn the once surpassing fane, now felled.

The wise and good king had me not in mind  
When by his building-orders thou wert  
mined,  
But friends with whom I have a place in  
heart  
Have given this gem from history of art.

'T is not the cost or rarity we prize  
In gifts, but halo cast by loving thought;  
Our heart remembering kindness helps the  
eyes  
And speechless appreciation 's wrought.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIECE OF COAL

WHEN Nature made this world for man's abode  
She many, many modes of structure tried.  
And each unsuited to our varied wants, she strode  
With dire destruction o'er her work; naught did abide  
But ruins of the former plan, which hid in fear  
'Neath new-laid layers of earth, made map of old so clear.  
A feathery fern that flourished in a pretty vale  
In time of Acrogenic Age, when flowers paid  
By family fealty to the fern, stretched fronds so frail  
Appealed to Nature for its life. Now Nature made  
Her mind unwavering to change the present plan,  
And fern, though now a prince of plants, felt self-same ban

That wrecked the poor Plebeian plants and  
chance-grown weeds;  
For Nature thought that she could make in  
members modified  
A fern of form very near the same, more  
suited to our needs.  
But Nature, although sometimes seeming,  
is not cruel,  
And felt compunction at the slaughter of  
the ferns.  
She carefully wrapped them in an e'er-  
enduring case,  
And mummies made. As Nature each suc-  
ceeding spurns  
That age assists to hide the frightened ferns.  
Thus hunted long the fern, like a suspected  
man  
In abject terror starts at sound of each con-  
demned plan.  
Her disposition gradually changed from lov-  
ing, tender, kind,  
Till now a cold (coaled), hard character we find.  
And what a change! From living beauty  
bright to black  
And dirty mass, inelegant, and dead. We  
hack  
As vandals these remains. 'T is even thus  
with men

Reduced to misery in their sins, we never  
think  
That once they were not so. We, spurning,  
deeper sink  
In degradation's mire. Disease and death  
and sin  
We can o'ercome, but ne'er discouragement.  
We win  
Sometimes a perfect fern from out the black-  
ened mass;  
These fossils teach that darkest coat may  
hold a heart,  
That all is never without hope. When  
people pass  
Think on the tale of wrongèd fern. Play  
not the part  
Of covering, hiding him within his sins with-  
drawn.  
Ah, Nature, thou art strange but just!  
Things live, then die;  
We have an imitation of this spoken-plant  
Will each succeeding era bring before His eye  
A changing life till meet in form to dwell on  
high?  
No, blessed thought, "we" trivial types of  
then forgotten age  
Have been enrolled upon the Revelation-  
promised page.

## A NAME

WE often hear a name  
Like one on Memory's page,  
That prints the scene the same  
As happed in younger age.

'T is but a name, but bears  
To mind a lost, loved face;  
One who that same name wears  
That years cannot erase.

'T was but a name, but bound  
By Memory's power it grows,  
And each succeeding feeling 's drowned  
As clearer visions rose.

We cannot e'er forget  
The past, for Memory stays  
When these known names are met  
And sings of yesterdays.

## VOICES

L IKE wood-dove calling to its mate  
Just when the day is dying,  
Resistless sounds that cannot wait  
I hear the loved ones calling.

Sound softened by the distance great,  
So far and yet so near me.  
When eve sets forth her quiet state,  
I hear the tones so dreamy.

The phantoms of a dream held fast  
And wrapped in reality ;  
Niobe-like to forms that last,  
But tears mar not their beauty.

The voices of departed call  
From favored place in glory,  
And 't is not such a wide, wide wall  
That separates them from me.

Call on, Oh voices soft and sweet,  
Your hopeful yearned-for wooing,  
For soon I 'll turn my weary feet  
To where the saints are calling.

## SONNETS



## FRIENDSHIP

TO thee, love's younger sister, I would sing,  
To conquering charms acknowledgment would bring.  
A junior sister but in years, in grace  
And strength superior may be. Thy face  
When sweet with smiles makes life no troubled task,  
But darkened by a frown, unusual mask,  
Remove thy retinue, the world grows drear,  
The days are lonesome, long, each tick a tear.  
To soothe the soul of man thou 'st varied forms:—  
The friends we form 'mong creatures lower scaled;  
With Nature that with heredity conforms;  
And man to man, would that it never paled!  
And last within thy graces glorified,  
He, dearest Friend, who loving for us died.

We love to listen to a woodland bard  
Whose songs, though sung in stifling city's  
heat,  
Transpose and blunt our senses trouble-  
scarred,  
And minds oft made extemporaneous feet  
Lead to the restful shade at Nature's side;  
Whose notes, though plaintive piped from  
prison cell,  
Speak us of Freedom in the forests wide.  
Blest bird, trill on your lays that subtilly tell  
Our soul to cease its chafing, cheerfully  
wait.  
The squirrel that 's schooled in city way and  
trait,  
Around its model ferris-circle flies,  
Delights and draws the laughter to our eyes.  
Our forest friends are these, by common tie  
Of Nature-kin and common home on high.

What one with smallest trace of human heart  
That loves not Nature's quiet scenery,  
The solitary spots in unaltered art  
Of God? His only gardens yet unmarred?  
Whose mossy mantled trees not cut or  
charred  
Have yet a semblance of a restful shade;  
And oasis dear in desert man has made.

If such is found, that being's not a man,  
But offspring of a mad, misguided throng,  
A member of the mirage-led caravan,  
Forgetting Him who guides. The poet's  
song

The sayings of a seer seek inspiration here.  
'T is here that we can found friendship  
supreme  
With simple piety for common theme.

For friendship's law is some strong mutual  
bond

Of sympathy, where she in sight of both  
May discover all her charms. And by the  
bond

Of natural history hath she linked my heart  
To one who unknown hath inspired this  
lay;

This tiny tribute work of my poor art,  
A trial to lay materially a spray  
Of laurel in his now all-woven crown.  
But words are dew-drops 'fore the mind's  
great sun

And all my similes ashamed bow down  
Before my love untold. O honored one,  
I pardon pray, but with me sings the choir  
Of Nature's children, lovers all of thee,  
And I, like them, sing for a word from thee!

Thou traveller, whose untiring foot is strange  
To scarce a strand, and named in native land  
With love, respect, might I my standing  
change

And call thee friend? Except because my  
mind

Is oft with thee? In fame the difference  
seems

To make me as an Afric sprite, first known  
By thee. And yet because her reserved  
beams

Shine not for me, shall you from much-  
sought throne

Of friendship banish me? Aside from spur  
Of golden glory thou 'st an accolade  
Of personal virtue that would win thee  
"Sir."

Unsheath your sword of Truth, that polished  
blade

Unsoiled by rust, and thou, O Nature's  
knight,

Receive me in your train at your side to fight.

Thou Savior, Prince of Peace, and Wonder-  
ful,

The nearest name we give thee, Lord, is  
Friend;

The One who raging storms of soul can lull,

And loved advice in troubled times can lend ;  
Who shares the burdens of a weary life,  
Stands at my side where sounds the thickest  
strife.

'T is here that Friendship, trained by loving  
man,

All glorified like Launfal's leper stands  
And, bathed in pure celestial light, from man  
A sweeter, more consistent life demands.

And God, as doth the earthly friendship,  
asks

But love given in return for love. Make me,  
O Lord, to work within our mutual tasks,  
A better and a fitter friend to Thee.

## FUTURITY

I OFT withdraw apart from noisy world  
To reap the joys reflection-sown; to  
earled  
Estate in Nature's realm, the place where  
peace  
In only kingdom dwells; there noises cease,  
There chaos is unknown. Since knight by  
love  
And work, no beauty from mine eyes is hid.  
These moments bathed in bliss like that  
above;  
At sunset wonder what is buried 'mid  
Those golden bars, what beams my life to  
light  
In future time. Those yellow bands so  
bright  
Are signs of joy; what means the mingling  
red?  
Those clouds so often drown the happy  
dyes.  
My hopes increased or lost as fear is fed,  
Thus drawn by silent language of the skies.

Beyond to-morrow's fate, if that 's foretold,  
What then? The farther side of those bright  
bars

What sort of scene lies lost to visions, cold  
And weak from straining toward the future  
time?

And must I stroll 'long Stygian banks, a  
shade?

Or what is worse, come back, the theories  
made,

To haunt the homes we pretence made to  
leave?

Ah no! There is a country far more fair  
Than human minds conception could re-  
ceive.

And Death 's the dense and thorny path, a  
lair

Of beasts that, formed by fear, guard well  
the way;

In a prairie lies this path; that prairie 's  
Life.

The rest that terminates the working-day  
Must come after desert drear and path of  
strife.

The evening church-bells call me from my  
dreams,

But like the ocean when its storm is past,

The billows angry break though gale is gone;  
The action 's ceased though substances long  
last.

The light of sunset shows beyond the brake;  
The path of death grows dim. My task to-  
day :—

To fit me for that final fight, forsake  
The thought of fears. The lode-stone of my  
way

Is mental sight of city in the sky,  
Where mansions past the power of mortal  
eye

Our God has gone to seek. I 'm ne'er so  
lost

In this world's work, where one 's confusing  
tossed

From care to care, as to forget these hours  
That, lived apart, taste of futurity.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THOU sacred burial-urn given to the  
famed,  
What world-known men could in thy vaults  
be named!  
An air of awe fills soul with graver thought  
than wont  
When steeped in thy silence all sublime;  
Unbroken 'cept by desecrating taunt  
Of noisy feet that strike in poorest rhyme  
Upon thy hollow-sounding, well-worn stones,  
Subtending cells that seal immortal souls.  
Beneath thy dome great men made greater  
scenes,  
Here men were crowned as kings in former  
day,  
Now, now they all are senseless, worthless  
clay.  
Thou tellest in trembling tones and daily toll  
That fame of Heaven not fame of earth 's our  
goal.

## CHILDREN

O H, how I love the darling little ones,  
The only hearts of honor, souls of  
truth !

In this light-lacking world, light-bearing suns  
That hold the drear discouragement aloof.

When quiet evening brings the hour of rest  
We gather round the hearth to hear their  
song

With artless non-dissembled wisdom blessed ;  
We smile encouragement, listen hours long.  
The witty ways they have describing things  
And emphasize with gestures more than  
sweet ;

Or struggling to our laps, long talk to us,  
Though truly nothing 's said, they 're so  
discreet,

They mean so much. My thought can't  
form in art,

But prayers for little folk e'er fill my heart.

## WOMAN

I WAS about to ask what woman is,  
Then I thought of mother dear and love  
lisped out

A definition which words can't write.

“Within her tongue the law of kindness lies,”  
Says Holy Book. This law with loving light  
Makes world a brighter sphere to our tired  
eyes;

Her smile illumines our souls and clearer skies  
Of character thus formed before us rise.

Her careful touch in trimming blessed nooks  
Makes paradise from places once so drear.

To her for help when tired we turn our looks,  
She points to Him and helps to bring us  
near.

The woman of this world its ways makes  
bright,

Without, poor man could find no leading  
light.

## MILTON

ARTH moans a monody, for Earth hath  
lost  
The master minds that sang her songs  
sublime.  
O mighty Muse, would I on sorrow's frost  
Could trace with my too bashful finger  
rhyme  
To lay the suited laurel at their feet !  
I seek in every known poetic clime,  
I search through Nature's scrolls, a tribute  
meet ;  
Along the shore I stroll in tempest time,  
And view the weeded wrecks, sea-books,  
with awe ;  
To learn if Lycidas still lies enchained  
By jealous Neptune's wrath. I nearer draw  
To thee, who mourn'st a friend on briny  
bier,  
While standing where the ocean's salty  
tear,  
Sobs to me of those *I've* laid on self-same  
bier.

The sage cathedrals crowned with pious awes,  
With ivy-labelled learned walls, outlaws  
Of frivolous world for Puritanic faith;  
Here too at Inspiration's sacred shrine  
I seek the virgin vows, untainted, pure.  
Once more that organ solemn and divine,  
So deified by thy deathless rhymèd crown,  
Reluctant tunes its lofty themes for one  
Like me, but vain and groundless fear, a pun,  
To think that I could grasp, engrave, such notes.

I strain to catch the melody that floats  
Like thirsting Tantalus' tide, comes but to  
hide  
Itself from reach. Thus Munin, muse of  
memory,  
Deigns not give me one worthy word for  
thee.

By Nature, whom you loved and knowing  
read  
So well, thy praises are most sweetly said.  
The tide with touch well suited to a lute  
Strikes masques from sedges near the shore;  
The wind, grown tender in the west, finds flute  
In reeds, the Pandean-pipes of Nature's  
corps,

To play the pastoral part so loved by thee.  
But Tacita, of silence god, dark frowns  
On me, the only voiceless Reed; from me  
Withholds the telling of my debt unpaid.  
Unchecked by turbulent times that laid  
Distracting hands on thee, and *I* still mute!  
You helped to move the tide that Cromwell  
made,  
But still had time to find Fame's modest lute.

As swimmer, in a tiring tide, seeks rest  
By ceasing efforts, floats, so thou didst wrest  
From pressing cares a time to commune  
With holier themes than those that furnished  
tune

For broken march thy century cared to tread.  
And last so tired of ceaseless strife thy soul  
Refused to share the light that chideless shed  
Its beams upon chaotic scenes; then stole,  
Though of the world, to thoughts that dwell  
beyond:

With rhymèd feet, left prints on sands of  
time

That we may follow and *regain*, if lost,  
The path that leads to *paradise*. Sublime  
The life that ceases not with death, but  
reigns

Above, and for our sake here too remains.

## FAREWELL

WHEN parting 's near, and farewells  
must be said  
The tongue is still, 't is time the heart must  
hum.  
The mouth is full of words by feeling fed,  
But speech, as stage-struck, fails the hour,  
is dumb.  
I now depart in Science's sake to seek  
In foreign fields what Nature may have  
stored.  
A farewell floats on every bay, and brook,  
and creek,  
I love them well, and know each sanded  
ford.  
I know the tread of tides that tireless go  
And come. Now ripples on the brooks  
seem timed  
And sob their tunes in measures set and  
slow.  
The saddened reeds to breeze obeisance  
bow,

And he so kind, though kingly powered,  
with rhymed  
Though mournful voice replies,—“ We lose  
a friend, farewell.”

The woods, so wrapped in silence that my  
ears  
Seem filled with deafening sound, produced  
by thoughts  
That throb, expression seek. It may be  
years  
Before again I wander through these woods.  
The willows, weeping, whisper to the wind,  
The laurel lisps an “Au Revoir” of love;  
“ Auf Wiedersehen” ’s by the hemlock  
signed,  
That stoic of the wood. The clouds above  
Compete with earth to form the richest view;  
And this I soon must leave for other climes.  
Where muses may thereon more beauty  
strew;  
But things we know and love are wrapped in  
rhymes  
That strangers do not have; this is the  
theme,  
The rhythm that makes life a tranquil stream.

## WHAT A POEM IS

SONATAS of the *bulbul* merged in stone,  
Composed, and after statued, bathed  
in tears

Niobe-like. Each line a fibre flown  
From Circe's mantle; smile-dissembled jeers;  
A superficial jest in world of woe  
By one who sneers because once thought it  
so.

False fetters carved by poets from the gold  
Of Past, that ingot-burdened ship deep sunk  
In sea of Now, that loosen when they 're  
told.

The tender thread that leads material man  
From labyrinth, with present cares when  
drunk,  
To spirit happiness where he once ran.

## FICKLE GOLD

I GAZED upon the ocean's golden strand  
And thought,—how like my sweetheart's  
hair that sand.

And lo! E'en as I watched each wave that  
came  
Caressed it lovingly, yet drew no blame!

And in the field near-by each flower upheld  
Its yellow tresses for each bee to kiss;  
Each golden sunbeam first for that, then  
this,

Had glances sweet, from none were they  
withheld.

I sadly turned away and hastened home,  
But confident and boastful that my Love  
Allowed her true affections ne'er to roam.

Alas, my gold, like wreck-strewn ingot-ore,  
Inviting strangers beckoning above,  
Lay strewn upon the smiles of coral floor!

## A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE BUT BREEDS DESIRE

“ **O**NE kiss, my Love, before I sail away  
Where I shall see no love for many  
a day.”

She was demure, reluctantly she gave,  
But 'gainst a lover's bid what wish can save?

'T was many years before he sought his own,  
But found her lips were not for him alone;  
Ah worse, were mart for loveless kisses too,  
And yet he knew not whence this coldness  
grew.

While wandering disconsolate along  
He met a sage who stopped and heard his  
wrong:

“ 'T was bad that kiss of long ago to sue;

If once a bee to knowledge kiss a flower,  
Unless he soon return to claim his dower  
The wish can't wait, another gets his due.”

## “THE SPARROW”

(Theme : The French for “the sparrow”, *le moineau*, being of two roots, literally meaning “little monk”—so named from his gray jacket.)

O MIDGET monk of sylvan monastery,  
Thou gray-gowned friar, e'er breathing  
benisons  
O'er rosary beads that dew hangs o'er the  
tree,  
Sing, sing to me! And severing secret's  
string  
Repeat confessions that the leaves confide;  
We'll then compare and know if these and  
those  
By insects chirped do ever coincide.  
Sequestered from this sphere of sin and woes,  
In heaven's free air polluted, poisoned not,  
Sing, sing and lift my soul to paths you  
tread;  
Make, make my life as thine sublimest sign,  
Of virgin purity. And let my life e'er be  
As it has been; let naught seduce e'er me  
Where long I 've trod together with my  
God.

## YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

THE driving-wheels of time, together  
joined

By unromantic link "To-day,"—they roll  
Unceasing on their backward course for  
aye

But ne'er reverse respective place. I fly  
To former one to shape my simple rhyme;  
Two tales are told by past and future time;  
The one is marked with many sorrowed  
prints,

The other bright with golden dreams. But  
since

'T is human law to seek what brings most  
pain,

To dwell on deeds that mark the saddest  
year,

Our songs, our thoughts, are mostly turned  
again

To past that from its weary toils repose  
Hath won, but does not gain. Then, here  
and there

Joys show that far outshine to-morrow's.

That repetition now deny ; devoid  
Of faces so familiar to our hearts,  
Thus in the joys that mark to-day a void is  
left.

We long to stay the wheels of time,  
To start them o'er a more consistent course,  
For in the sweetness of the past the rhyme  
Is sometimes marred. From chances, long  
lost, learn

What 's not but might have been. We  
scarce endorse

All parts we played in past ; but looking,  
turn

To memory's mirror, live once more the day  
When Christ commander of our lives we  
chose,—

And now as earthly day draws to a close,  
The only deed we do not e'er regret,  
The only light in day whose sun is set.

How oft we long to stay Time's endless  
chain,

A retrospect to gain ; for morrows come  
Are made to-days ! We, wandering down  
Life's lane,

Behold the future just ahead, like some  
Our walks on common roads when some  
slow stage

Goes laboring just in front, nor leaves nor  
nears.

Time grows not tired; not so 't is with our  
years;

Soon all will be as yesterdays on earth;  
We 'll slip the link that binds, to-morrow  
gain,

And live with Time an endless life. The  
worth

Of Now we count but naught compared with  
Then.

We could not place our shoulders to the  
wheel

If we had not this goal in view. Our work  
To-day is but to long and toward to-morrow  
steal.

## WALES

ROUGH land of rocks, I love thy mountain homes,  
Where one can feel the freedom in the air.  
Give me thy simple, sturdy countrymen !  
I wandered where I would, a home was there;  
And in thy wilds, from house and town  
away,  
There danger lurks, but how those times  
loved I !  
The stirring spirit moves me to this day.  
Those times ! We laughed at life and chal-  
lenge cry  
To death. We nothing feared, 't is of the  
land.  
Within thy cliff-formed walls, but wildness  
dwells;  
The hardy hawk and gull are oft alone,  
For days the only sight of life, the cells  
Wave-worried from the cliffs the only bed.  
I found your solitude with fear ne'er wed.

## FRANCE

THOU flowered land, my fancy sings to me  
    Of thee on pleasure bent. You may  
        be right;  
Some think this world a playground built  
    for man,  
Some think not so. But viewed in Beauty's  
    light,  
Thou, closely copied Daphne of our day,  
Art scion of all that touches minds of art.  
Thou once held school throughout the earth,  
    to teach  
Thine unmatched laws of loveliness. Nor  
    wrapped  
Within thyself, to ends of earth dost reach  
The cultured customs, from which our ways  
    are mapped.  
Thou 'rt more like maid of fifteen summers,  
    age  
Than like the thoughtful, action-weighing  
    sage;  
Spends time admiring features fair to shirk  
The plain but stronger needs of household  
    work.

## LIFE

DEAR Lord, who gavest and will take away,  
A pure life I have tried to live with Thee;  
Grateful, what though not joy hath held full sway,  
Thou gavest that satisfies and comforts me.  
A life that 's tinged with sadness sounds more sweet:  
The blocks of marble purest white ne'er meet  
Our fancy like the ones with faint drawn lines  
Of blue and red. "Then what is life?" we hear,  
"A wait for death"? Ah no! These sad confines  
Are just to prove, not what we seem, but are.  
But 't is a wait for death and life beyond;  
We wait the Heavenly Usher's admitting wand.  
A life reserved, unknown, with saddened tone,  
Can be more good than one in joy and known.

## DANTE

WHERE has the world an architect of  
rhyme

More careful in his measurements and time?  
We read, and before our admiring mind  
Each story grows, each sculptured arch de-  
fined,

The tempted themes sublime cathedrals rise.  
But admiration 's not confined to size,  
For art-embroidered skilfully on these walls  
Of thought, the massive Norman Style in  
verse,

Nice arabesque in pleasant contrast falls,  
And lessons oft so dissonant and terse  
Escape in music from these walls; sublime  
As from cathedral choirs are they. Words  
climb

By aid of his pen, and peerless form in art,  
Like church-mosaicis, pictured texts impart.

## BOTANY

TO O. M. E.

'T IS not to know the tongue-entangling terms,  
To learn from lexicon the Latin class and name;  
The books can't tell how rootlets work and worm  
To wend their way to weeds and flowers.  
The same  
Cannot explain as can our eyes, how leaves  
From fairy Chlorophyll they gain a gown  
And steal with modest bashfulness like thieves  
Into the light; and startled by the glare  
Of earth, then slower form the flowers fair.  
My too prosaic pen can't paint aright  
The happy hours, not bending o'er a book,  
But strolling through the natural gardens bright,  
The woods where beauty nestles in each nook,  
Where flowers flash in heaven-born hues bedight.

## MELANCHOLY

THAT I am melancholy, say not so,  
Because my mind to meditation tends,  
Because I 'm no participant in show  
And folly that half the world's sky subtends.  
Grave meditation knows no kin to grief,  
The weeping sage was given to meditate,  
But converses are n't always true. Belief  
That cloaks all thought in moody sable gown  
Is far unworthy of enlightened times.  
That noble face, though furrowed with a  
frown,  
The tutelary tunic that defends  
'Gainst gay temptation's taint, with sightless  
eyes  
That yearned to see their master's prodigy,  
Our greatest song, who calls morose he lies.

If themes like these made mighty Milton  
grave,  
Though could not cloud his hopeful, cheer-  
ful mien,  
These reachless, lofty topics that I crave

And count me wise if I can rightly glean  
But coarsest chaff from golden grains of  
fame,  
Can these sit lightly on my laboring brow?  
The sombre suit of lark holds happiest soul,  
Whose lowliness forbids the usual bough,  
Yet in solitude of dawning day he stole  
His entire being gave its homage meet  
To Him who bids us pray in quietness.  
The inner being can have sweetest peace  
Beneath the soberest garb; the dear caress  
Of God is lost when thoughtful communes  
cease.

## THE ANT

THOU tiny, tireless toiler of the earth,  
For one iota of that patience blest  
I pray. The will to do a work is worth  
A doubled power to finish it. The rest  
He takes is sweeter in repose aware  
The work to-day is done; to-morrow's task  
Is never burdened with the harrowing care  
Of uncompleted yesterdays. I 'd ask,  
But thoughts divided are, whether the ant  
Is sensible to sound, the secret strange  
That hides the natural bent and binds his  
heart  
Within his work,—a hundred times de-  
stroyed,  
But ever ready he anew to start,  
Though thwarted oft and oft, he 's ne'er an-  
noyed.

## MY BOOKS

THOSE nooks where man inspired by  
Nature lays  
His notes from her; those imitation worlds  
Where Nature checked in natural course de-  
lays,  
Presents each varied phase for study's sake.  
Devoid of usual rapid change, provide  
For leisure lessons, thus more certain make.  
The stage where men of centuries else for-  
got,  
The drops to form the tide, that eddying  
churns  
And ceaseless sweeps exhausted centuries  
'way,  
React their lives. The school wherein one  
learns  
Mistakes that men have made, to light the  
way  
And show the stones whereon our feet would  
dash;  
The thoughts transferred from God to each  
man's mind,  
Apostles in disguise; knowledge refined.

## SOLITUDE

At timèd intervals, 't is right that man  
Should leave degenerating noisy clan,  
Whose actions, thoughts, and words are  
surface-sown,  
And can endure but little stress when grown;  
To hold commune with promptings of the  
soul,  
Not 'neath Misanthropy's disgraceful flag,  
No thinker sane can serve that sieve-like rag,  
Insignia of deserters from the rank  
Of Meditation's school. On some lone bank  
To sit and in abeyance hold the tide  
Of swirling, rushing life, and stay it still  
While trying to smoothe out its wrinkled  
side  
And make it more a peaceful, stormless rill;  
To learn from thine own self alone His will.

## BEN NEVIS, SCOTLAND

WHEN Mother Nature planned and made  
this sphere  
She fashioned parts to love of art appeal;  
She formed those parts which by sublimest  
fear  
Strike senses dumb, by awful grandeur  
shown.  
Deep down within the earth where thou wert  
born  
There Nature ground and fused thy granite  
heart;  
When thou wert done 't was like a chick  
unborn  
Within the egg. Then Nature gave a start,  
Affrighted shook herself, and crumbling  
crust  
Up through her surface-shell thee towering  
thrust.  
A glorious book, Geology, thou art,  
To hold such gems as Nevis is. By thee  
My thought was led in joy to Nature's  
heart,  
May many more be helped as thou helped  
me!

## MY JONATHAN

AT Water-Witch a dear home nestles there,  
Near hidden by those Nature-gardened  
hills  
All green, while chorused round that home-  
stead fair  
The thrush and bobolink contest the rills.  
There in that scene that nestles near to God  
A friend resides,—a friend in strongest  
sense,  
In dearest sense, the world hath cognizance.  
How oft those forest aisles with him I 've  
trod,  
In Moses' altar of the wilderness;  
And from the sermons there in simple stress,  
We wandered hand in hand to altar-rail  
Within the Church of God! And what avail  
That noble character upon my ways,  
How often near the fallen to cheer and raise!

## THE FARMER

THOU simple soul, my model of a man,  
In careful scale of life does Nature  
place

Thee lower for lack of linguistry? Or can  
Thy scorn of raiment rich discount thy race,  
Ungilded with adornments much in use,  
That worse than worthless are? So simple  
art

Thou that no sooner born of brain than told,  
No need to act a part condemned by heart.  
Unlearned except in lore the fields unfold  
The sweet phenomena of God. Indeed  
The Lord speaks oft of farmers in His Law;  
The lessons indirectly taught we read  
From similes there drawn from out the soil.  
Blest be thy simple upward-tending toil.

## THE WISTARIA

WOUND round the trunk that scarce invites it there,  
But 'chanted by ambrosial charms that snare ;  
It snake-like nestles in the coils subdued,  
Clings lavender-coned Wistaria honey-dewed.

And bees so surfeit with the sweet by score  
Drop Roman-fête-like down ; or as Hessian corps,  
Enraptured by the feast, unfrightened fall  
At those so artful winged foes' charge call.  
While thousands sense-sunk in the perfumed air  
That virtued steals e'en our stoic minds  
Go humming pæans o'er the cup, aware  
Not that the sweet, in smallest tastes, but blinds  
The bitter held in all intemperate draughts.  
It satiates e'en spring, these Wistaria wafts.

## MY MOODS

### DISCOURAGEMENT

PASS from me, mournful mood, must I  
endure  
The pangs of pain, that memory fills my  
mind!  
Those solemn, awful somethings that im-  
mure  
My soul in sadness, and so tightly bind  
All hope, though she stands knocking at my  
heart,  
My mind, so wrapped in Sadness' walls,  
can't hear.  
Creation seems to mock, and maddening  
dart  
A cynic's sneer, as all-triumphant Fear  
Possession takes and holds me in her grasp.  
'T is now that life is harder borne than  
death.  
The falling Hope looks round for aught to  
clasp;  
Discouragement with laugh, all demon-like,

Thrusts taunting back the pleading hands of  
Hope;  
She too by law of environment must mope.

## CYNICISM

What now, another force my faith attacks!  
The mind, in fear, within itself contracts,  
And objects viewed with less capacity  
Appeal less strong. The eyes now pitying  
see  
(They 're servants of the mind) the work of  
man,  
Forever forging but to make his coffin-plate,  
The serious looks, while striving hard,  
And still there 's nothing done; he feeds but  
Fate;  
All this makes music to my mirth.  
Diogenes, the wisest of the wise,  
Was drawn disciple of this faith, the worth  
Of man's endeavors taught as naught.  
These moods that mar our life us servants  
make!



FROM THE KETTLE  
ON THE CRANE



## FROM THE KETTLE ON THE CRANE

WHEN the chill of December invades  
every nook,  
When the dusk of the twilight taboos every  
book,  
Round the open fireplace that contains half  
the room,  
Shedding sunset-like glow through the  
deepening gloom,  
Comes the family confidingly gathering near,  
Like the idle but still weary cattle appear  
At the home-bar of rest when the sun gilds  
the west.  
Enlightening the hour with song or with tale,  
Inspiring the big, but the little folks quail  
At the stories of war that the grand'ther  
recalls  
As he hears cannonading from the fireplace's  
walls;  
Or after the youngsters are all tucked away  
And the council consists but of heads old  
and gray,

Then the quiet ensues, each his own thought construes.

Then the fire as an oracle greedily is sought, And each ember reminds of some scene that has passed;

To our minds how these memories come trooping so fast!

From the kettle crane-hung charms are brewing for me,

But unlike Macbeth's omens from weird sisters three,

I can spell but of Past, future dreams now but flee,

Like the mists that are made by the caldron I see

But to vanish in air. While it 's brewing it sings

Like the bubbling chuckle of hillside springs Or the purling of meadow-brooks o'er mossy rocks,

And their cool tempting fords with the calm wading flocks,

And the farm where our childhood grew weary with rest;

Bubbling over with dreams that were yearning to live,

In their reaching forgot what for them was the best.

So the seething contents of the kettle o'er-flow

Like a cascade or geyser that gurgling give  
Flecks of foam to the o'erhanging clouds but  
to die

With a sputter upon the fire, as those dreams  
Like the moths in our warm, youthful energy  
fly

But to singe their frail wings in the soberer  
beams

Of maturity wise. Oh, the witchery con-tained

In the caldron that hangs on the rusty old  
crane!

And what songs it can sing to the present-  
tired brain

That call on this sorcerer for potions to lure  
From the past a loved look, or a philter,  
allure

Responsive smiles from the stern cynic Now.  
With the dusk of the twilight we worship-  
fully bow

At the altar to try and forget every pain  
In the charms that are cast by the witch of  
the crane.

## WHEN PUSSY PURRS

**T**HREE somehow seems to come a chance  
When life takes time to rest  
And grants o'er long gone years a glance,  
All peace, but now unrest.  
There seems to float through memory's door,  
Now open wide, a sound  
Of humming bees replenishing their store,  
Fly our Wistaria round;  
The hum 's akin to that which stirs  
When pussy purrs.

And somehow too methinks I see a fire  
And mother bending o'er,  
While close beside the warm grate fire  
A kitten's bubbling snore,  
And from the kettle hanging by  
Niagara-like there 's mist  
O'er spout, from whence sometimes the  
waters fly,  
Fall back when fire hath kissed,  
And deep within the kettle stirs  
Like pussy's purrs.

And whirring like a gramophone  
In prelude to a song,  
The kitten seems to be alone,  
In tunes to past belong,  
The sweetest bard of memory;  
And thoughts of yesterdays  
From record of the mind go humming free,  
No other music plays  
As oft at eventide occurs  
When pussy purrs.

## THE PHONOGRAPH

I HEARD a tale not very long ago  
    Of dryads living in the trees  
Who sang when wakened by the sunset glow  
    A lay that rivalled softest breeze.

To free this sweetest captive fairy-maid  
    One must a magic key turn round;  
This key was almost sunken in the shade  
    Upon the bark and near the ground.

But he who pitied most would seek the  
    most  
    To find solution of this song.  
The happy sprite then would reward her  
    host  
    Ten added years of life and song.

A learned and a loved countryman  
    With ear of genius heard a song;  
Along mechanic's forte his fingers ran,  
    Inspired, unwearyed, ran along.

The chord he found, sometimes he lost the chord.

But tireless searched the whole scale through,

And last in modest niche he found the sword  
To cut the gordian knot in two.

He chained the humming-gamut of the bees  
And added key-board from the trees,  
Then formed his key from product of the  
mines,  
The joyous dryad he unbinds.

Not ten years but eternity was given,

Not years but what is more, 't was fame,  
And listening to the unchained song he 's  
given

Applauding world bequeaths undying  
name.

## AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS

'T IS growing late, the night is near,  
I think of this without a tear,  
Things are so changed all, all is new,  
I turn to point to loved ones that and this,  
But hear no word replied. Ah true,  
The loving looks of those I miss!  
For all are long since gone, are gone.  
I silent wait for night's release  
And then reunion at the Dawn,  
This sorrow leave for perfect peace.

Around the rooms are ranged the books  
And nicens memory filled. I read  
From pages of the past these nooks  
From hands so dear now gone indeed  
Took existence sweet. The things once  
bright  
Are pregnant with the past, but worn  
And faded e'en as I. My sight  
Is dim and weak, but sense is born  
To hear from heart the tales now told  
Of times and those I loved of old.

'T is growing late, the night is near,  
My race is almost, almost run.  
I think of this without a tear;  
The start was sure 't was well begun,  
The finish holds no haunting fear;  
Through all this life the Lord was ever near.  
The loved ones all are gone, are gone;  
I silent wait for night's release  
And then reunion at the Dawn,  
This sorrow leave for perfect peace.

## MY ENLISTING

I LIKE the fireside battle-field,  
To see the fireplace forces wield  
Their strength against contending cold,  
That howling tells the strokes have told.

From down beneath the logs I hear  
In volley and in single tone  
Defending shots that charm the ear,  
And say the hearth still holds its own.

The firing 's ceased, the fight abates,  
The rich red embers mark its close,  
As on a field the sun retreats,  
Ashamed of red on tinged white rose.

Then we around in bivouac sit,  
The bivouac of the home, to muse  
Upon the battles of the day,  
To-morrow's encouragement infuse.

## THE FAMILY CLOCK

THOUGH the clock hath struck the hours,  
With a warning sharp and clear,  
I cannot resist the powers  
Of the spirits ling'ring near.

'Cross the threshold, treading softly,  
With a grave-born fear of sound,  
From the past they come to greet me,  
And silently throng around.

The call of the clock sonorous  
Recalls these my visitors away,  
And the twelfth of the notes in chorus  
Adds the wraith of dead To-day.

With a sense of chastening sadness  
Every eve the ticks I tell,  
That ring in the awesome stillness  
Like the strokes of a funeral bell;

Or the strokes on the smithy anvil  
Welding bands with fire and blow,  
Beating down with pain and sorrow  
To-day's deeds that now must go;

That must go as the silver hammer  
Goes ticking the last nails down;  
But the flow'rs of memory I gather  
Despite their menacing frown.

Like the sound of builders' sledges,  
As the ring on rivet and bolt,  
Tiny ticks on the great bark's edges,  
Making strong for future jolt.

As the click of cavalry hoof-beats  
Leave the known for stranger streets,  
From yesterday each new second weans  
And prepares for us new scenes.

Like the wearied work of highhole  
Tapping, toiling for its bread;  
And the message quickens dormant soul  
And ambition nearly dead.

Soon for me will strike no hours  
But the twelfth-stroke of my life,  
And I, like the faded flowers,  
Will pass into spirit life;

Will pass like the faintest echo  
Unheard by the busy crowd,  
As the sounds of a single second go  
When another begins to crowd.

## WAIT

THERE 'RE thousand souls that pendant  
hang  
On syllable sad though brief,  
So sad yet sweet it hopefully rang  
Like mist-chimes' blest relief,  
Its tidings dear to sailor's ear  
When harbor's hidden guide rings,  
Myth-siren-like leading sings.

How many hearts expectant, grave,  
One more farewell hope crave,  
Have heard that glad but tristful tone  
That as the years roll by  
An all-aspiring goal has grown,  
That stifles many a sigh  
And conquers many a cry !

Two hearths whose fires that word disjoins,  
Though intermingled grown,  
The sweet society purloins,  
They now must burn alone ;  
But unquenched fire of love

Still smoulders through the years;  
All unrelieved by tears.

Upon the sweetest flower, the rose,  
The sharpest thorn-sting grows,  
And "Wait" in all its loveliness  
A hidden pang still holds,  
For fear the rose which it enfolds  
Will fade, unfaithful be,  
When absence makes it free.

So short and yet so long, so long,  
The waited days are doubly long,  
But still like mariners' guiding-star  
It beams so bright and far.  
A word of hope oft makes man great,  
Controls, directs his fate.  
Results grow brighter as we wait.

## READING

READING is a siesta sweet,  
A calm and restful sleep,  
And Morpheus' recreation seat,  
Where rue can never creep ;  
A fairy fane where woe 's forgot,  
A hermit's peaceful grot.

'T is here the filmy firmament  
Where dreams and fancies roam,  
The tales of light fantastic bent,  
Or deep and dusty tome  
That with impressive awe imparts  
The Eastern subtile arts.

A paradise that kind conforms  
To mood that reigns the hour ;  
Inciting tale of war that warms  
And strengthens manhood's power,  
Or lays of love that sweetly give  
The reason why we live.

The garden where cute wisdom grows,  
Such that entwined with rose,  
The learned ivy unseen works  
Its intellectual spell.  
Upon each page a life-thought lurks,  
As some one rose or fell.

## TWILIGHT ON THE FARM

MY library window looks with awe  
O'er cornfield frost-made brown and  
bare;

Nature beauty-shorn trys to withdraw  
In shame to concealing shadows' care;  
But merciless day, still lingering near,  
Illumes the trees and scattered stalks  
Of corn, still standing without fear,  
The silent sentinels whose walks  
Are confined to swaying with the wind.

The dawn and twilight pale, the birth  
And death of day, twin brothers are;  
The same gray light enshrouds the earth,  
Things look as dim as though viewed afar.  
Both scenes are restfully subdued  
In sound, in color, and effect;  
The mind revolts at aught that 's rough or  
rude,  
As oft the thunder storms affect,  
And seeks the restful solitude.

Within the room the stove with regret  
Soft glows from out the corner dark,  
At last few seconds of sunset.  
My books try hard to hide themselves  
Behind the undeceiving glass,  
And Cæsar's cast, though built of brass,  
Seems leagued with life and leaning looks  
As though intent to speak. The side door  
makes  
A dark abyss, Cimmerian gates.

But through the double doors a view  
In cheerful contrast to sombre hue  
Of my dark den. There grandma dear  
By candle-light, compared so near  
To lack of light shines as a sun,  
Prepares the evening meal. In fun  
Her tresses twist themselves to curls  
And nestle round her neck like some young  
girl's,  
Though snow stays fast from storms of past.

When trouble brings a twilight time,  
Casts shapeful shadows on life's scene,  
When e'en my books almost divine  
Too fail to interest me, when green  
And smiling nature looks so brown and  
sad

As on that twilight eve, I turn  
To cheerful thoughts of when a lad.  
Encouragements from candle burn  
Whose image 's cast by mirroring Past.

## WHY?

A LONE I sat in study just at eve,  
My mind on missionary work was bent,  
And saddened thoughts surged on, nor  
would they leave,  
Till God a missionary sent.  
I heard a sound, a stranger's step, unknown ;  
I 'd asked that I remain alone.  
But somehow thoughts would come and  
work would go,  
Thus this intrusion welcomed so.

"Please buy some lace, good sir," I heard  
her say,  
A tiny tot scarce eight, looked more.  
"It 's some I knit myself, sir, yesterday."  
'T was such a pleading look she wore.  
"Come here, you little one, sit down by me,  
I 'll try a missionary be."  
She came and took my hand in sweet sur-  
prise,  
An eager light shone in her eyes.

“I’ve always wished to meet a mission-man,  
Something strange I can’t understand:  
What makes them go away to a far-off  
land?”

A tear unseen fell on my hand.

“They take them things to eat, but I am  
hungry too,  
And mother’s sick,—no food to eat,—  
And Brother Bill,—he died last night,—was  
too.

Why don’t they bring us bread and meat?”

These simple words to me a lesson taught;  
The little one inside I brought,  
She would not eat, but wished it home to  
take,

“So mother’d eat and soon get well.”  
And this I did for my dear mother’s sake;  
And yet still more I did as well,  
I took her home, played mission “just for  
fun.”

Pray same case what would you have done?

Oft in my study, by the firelight’s glow,  
Memory recalls that scene of long ago,  
And oft the simple question “Why” comes  
back,  
But all the answers reasoning lack,

We 've mission work at home, but misery 's  
still around,  
There 's much that 's done, there 's much to  
do.  
What I 'd commenced I 'd try to carry  
through,  
Before I 'd seek new working ground.

## IGNORANT EMIGRATION

I SILENT stood on Swansea's dock  
And saw what I in words can't find,  
So sad a scene that pathos paints  
Its image on my mind.  
A state by ship was soon to sail  
For far Australia's land,  
And now with sorrow's sob and wail  
The voyagers flock the strand.

Now they sail through zone of sorrow  
That 's e'er attendant when we part.  
Now too late they dream of morrow;  
Higher nature given sway  
Brings clearer intellectual light  
On dreams of yesterday.  
They see the scheme with reasoning slight  
By whose false flame they came.

The signal 's given, the crowd embark,  
The smaller sails are set, she steers  
From land soon left but harder gained.  
Alone I sat in tears;

And mournful musings thronged my mind;  
I seemed to see the waves  
Form from the ripples of the wind  
This people's future life.

They sailed a sea-sick stricken crew  
In close-cramped quarters stowed, and knew  
No light nor air for nearly half a year.  
Their dreamings once so dear  
They now long since had disappeared;  
'T was only trouble seen  
In land which now they quickly neared,  
Not what it might have been.

JOTS FOR LITTLE TOTS



## BABYLAND

COME dear, let 's take a stroll,  
Yes, hand in hand,  
Your tiny fingers lead  
To Babyland.

I 'd throw off all these years  
To live with thee,  
And leave the work and cares  
That trouble me.

And then in silent songs  
We 'd give Him praise,  
With birdies teaching us  
To tune our lays.

Oh, would n't we romp and run  
While she smiled sweet,  
The mother, dearest one,  
Helps guide our feet!

I 'd pull poor kitty's tail  
The same as you;

I think it must be fun  
Sweetheart, don't you?

It must be jolly too  
When taught to walk  
That gravitation laws  
Our efforts balk.

I 've been a baby once,  
And now I pray,—  
As simple and as good  
E'er be, I may.

## THE BUMBLE-BEES' SONG

WHEN Father Adam was inventing bees  
Instructions given them were these:  
"With zeal the blossoms in a breezy zone  
To seek in zigzag paths" and that alone.

They spelled it o'er as we were wont to do  
When mother us to market sent.  
One day a field of cotton caught their view  
That settled in the buds, on business bent.

The fleecy wool filled up their tiny ears,  
And all they heard was so confused!  
And even after all these many years  
They 're less by music than by noise  
amused.

"With zeal the blossoms in a breezy zone  
To seek in zig-zag paths" they sound,  
But only got predominating tone,  
That 's where the bee his orchestra has  
found.

## A CHILDREN'S SURPRISE PARTY

THERE 'S whispered wisdom in the halls,  
And candy-man's unusual calls,  
The words that heads in silence shake  
With thought to make a prophet quake.

The only truly innocent one  
Was our dear baby girl. Her curlis  
Were tangled by no traitorous thoughts  
That filled the heads of the other girls.

The hour has come, the foe 's at hand,  
The garrison unsuspecting too!  
Then in they troop by twos and threes,  
Meet two reproachful eyes of blue.

As Moses smote the hidden spring,  
The influence of the hour rolls 'way  
The years that hide my childhood days,  
And young again, I join their play.

## A Children's Surprise Party 311

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As deep attentive to the play  
As on the sternest, hardest task,  
Completely in the youngsters' sway,  
Relieved of age's hated mask.

There 're games with laughter as their goal,  
"To Holy City merrily march,"  
"To tack the tail on donkey droll,"  
"Or creep 'neath Brooklyn's falling arch."

These trivial toys we ne'er forget,  
In life a most important part,  
To memory's chord the toning fret,  
For ear that sweetest hears, our heart.

Then candled cake with knowledge crowned,  
And things to form a feast complete;  
There 's nothing good that 's left unfound;  
The hour with perfect joy 's replete.

But envious Time, averse to joy,  
Turns round his head and hastens by;  
When sorrow makes our life its toy  
With demon-smile Time stops to guy.

"Appreciations" and "Farewells"  
That our wishes ne'er did brew  
Are said, then the happy hearts depart,  
Blessed by two thankful eyes of blue.

## WHAT BABY SAW

IN a tree-top tall from molesting man  
Three tiny play-chestnuts lay,  
In a make-believe burr built of grass,  
But were dressed in a different way :

For the tiny babe-chestnuts are covered with  
white,  
And no alien hues are there,  
But these three on this tree sported slight  
Tiny touches of blue, bright and fair.

With the time of the opening came a surprise,  
And the stranger dropped his disguise ;  
A little furred form like a brown powder-puff  
In surroundings strange enough

Stands shaking in wonder at the odd world,  
Half-afraid, tries not to fly.  
And the mother so proud, just returned with  
some food,  
Sits laughing encouragement by.

## ULLABY

DEAR birdies, breathe a soft, sweet song,  
For baby wants to sleep;  
To keep her thus awake 't is wrong;  
She longs from earth to leap  
To talk with God awhile,  
Already sees Him smile.

And clouds, you eyelids of the moon,  
Hide fast in sleep her light,  
And bar those beams and blind them soon,  
For, stealing through the night  
In fleeing from the skies,  
They tickle baby's eyes.

O happy honey-bee, your music cease,  
'T is time you were abed;  
Or think you in the sleeping rose  
To steal your hunting head ?  
We 're watching you now go,  
Your song makes sleep come slow.

Sleep, baby, sleep, lest morrow come  
'Fore your to-day is done.  
The stars are trying to be dim,  
    That small one 's gone asleep.  
The leaves hum murmured hymn,—  
    “Sleep, baby, angels keep.”

## MY WORK IS DONE

COME, little one, my work is done,  
I now would talk with thee.  
We 'll talk about the setting sun,  
The clouds in golden glory;

Or of the moon whose mounts give rise  
To stories weird and false:  
Of man who, banished to the skies,  
Must ever flaunt his faults.

Yes, little one, we must beware  
Lest our life 's ridiculed,  
For we, as all, a precept wear,  
Some life by ours is ruled.

Or tell me tales you hear in sleep  
That make you sweetly smile,  
Or tell me truths the Lord would keep  
As told in Sacred File.

"Thou 'st hid these things from prudent,  
wise,

But unto babes revealed."

Within those thoughtful, guiltless eyes  
Is wordless wisdom sealed.

Or teach me how my prayers to raise,  
"For from the babies' lips"  
God said, "Thou hast perfected praise."  
I know thy tongue ne'er trips.

## BABY AND THE CATERPILLAR

I luv de taterpillar, fuzzy fing,  
Dat treeps an' trawls along de road  
Jus' like de 'ittle pussy-willow fing  
Had dotten loose an' no one knewed.  
I see him tomin' toward my toes,  
Be tarful, don't ou tom too close!  
I 'd like to pat ou, deary ou,  
I luv de tater, taterpill—er OO!!

It luks like mamma's boa tollar, too,  
All shranked to a teeny, tiny one;  
I wonder what would mamma really do  
If her fur tollar start to wun.  
Teep back there from my toes,  
Be tarful, don't ou tom too close;  
I 'd like to pat ou, deary ou,  
I luv de tater, taterpill—er OO!!

Or like de frizzly four o'clocks ou blow  
To see if mamma wants ou home,  
I dess I 'll try dis taterpillar so,

I tink his curlies need a comb.  
Oh, Oh! How it teeckles my nose,  
I fink I like ou not so close!  
But I 'll pat ou, deary ou,  
I luv de tater, taterpill—er OO!!

## BABY'S SKY

OUR baby and I can boast a sky  
More lovely than that which meets  
the eye

Of wide-awake ocean's upward gaze,  
When little folks long have ceased their plays.  
In the dome of our fireplace straight-arched  
back

That wintry clouds have tinted black  
The sputtering sparks form starlets bright,  
That shine so real to our dreamy sight.

One touch of the tongs, it bursts into blaze  
And a thousand meteors fill the sky,  
As oft we 've seen after summer days;  
And baby appears as though to fly  
As little ones do beyond the sky.  
But if her fingers a star should clutch  
The word they use when stars seem to touch,  
Indeed it would be a *syzygy*.

When baby 's tired and the fires burn low  
The sky reflects a dull red glow,

Like the west on a quiet summer day,  
When the sun has nearly burned away;  
And then baby's 'neath two blackened skies  
For she's clouded those two bright blue eyes  
With clouds all black on inner side,  
Though prettiest pink on other side.

## THE MOTHERLESS DOLL

A H, honored toy, not understanding doom ;  
*Unteased* by Sorrow's needle sharp,  
That makes rough the woof of life's loom ;

Grief's untaught fingers on life's harp,  
That mar the harmonies just given,  
By little angel sent from Heaven ;  
How blessed art thou ! But yesterday  
At twilight, when quietly the day  
Passed away, in awe the night

Stood still with shaded eye to weep,  
Our babe, our darling, with the light  
Of dying day as if in sleep  
Returned to where she just had come.

Those lips that lisped thee lullabies  
Are now to earthly hearing dumb.

Would thou couldst help my grief  
appéase !

These toys that recent held no thought  
And no respect, her death hath wrought,  
They now are signs of one above,  
That plead the care of grieving love.

I know thou grievest, dost thou not,  
As I the loss of fingers fair  
Of our loving little tot,  
Those fingers' tender, gentle care  
That smoothed the trouble-wrinkled brow,  
The lisping tones sweet comfort gave?  
The morn that lit my life just now  
Seems shadowed by that tiny grave,  
And touched with twilight gloom;  
And silence throned throughout the room  
So lately filled with baby fun,  
Too mourns the lost life just begun.

## FLY AWAY HOME

COME, chimney-swift, and wing your way  
To your nest, quick fly away!  
Capricious April hath hid her smile,  
For building she did beguile,  
But now the day grows dark and cold,  
Do be warned by what you 're told!

The farm-house folk have made a fire  
In the fireplace 'neath your nest,  
Your home of twigs 's in danger dire,  
The young ones are all at rest;  
Fly then, alarm your sleeping fold,  
Do be warned by what you 're told!

Lose not a moment, make all haste,  
Your children are all alone,  
The heat it may dissolve the paste  
That binds your nest to the stone,  
And from their high home on the wall  
In the fire your young may fall!

## THE HOME OF THE THRUSH

**A** HOUSE of needles. Strange, you say?  
And well, indeed, you may.  
But deep within the shaded wood  
There lives a bird who wears a hood,  
Within a nest of pine-cone made,  
And coarsest grass that cannot fade.

But very bashful is this bird,  
Almost as hard to see  
As Santa Claus when to give him word  
    You shout with glad but anxious glee  
Into the fireplace chimney dark,  
And sit for hours saying "Hark!"

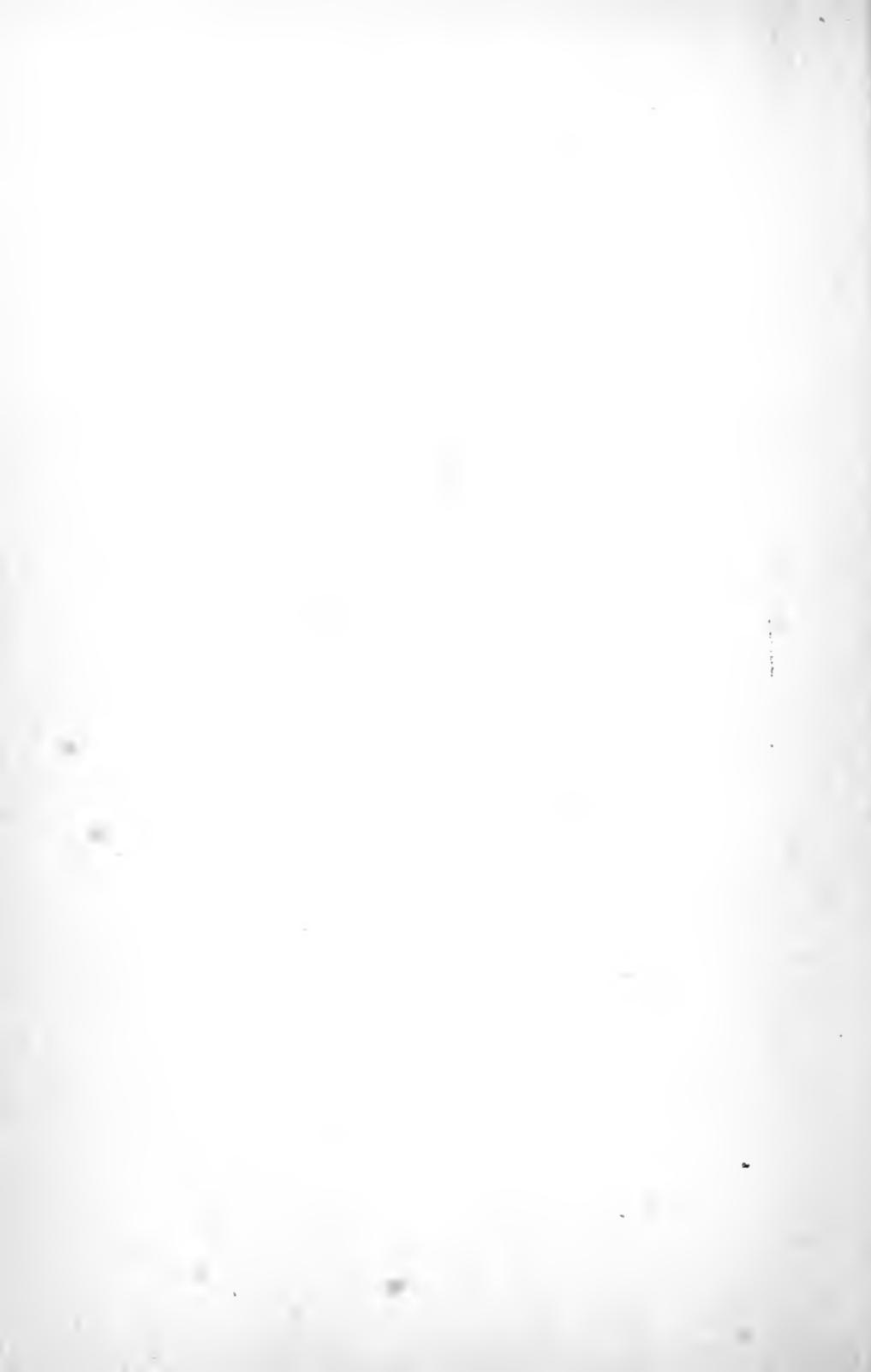
And happy is this home alway,  
O'er bills don't bother they.  
(Your father 'll tell you that 's a pun,  
But ask him, just for sake of fun,  
If he worms from his bills all day  
And sleeps at night on honest hay.)

When evening dyes the cloth of day  
    This tail-er leaves his task,  
To needled home then *threads* his way;  
    No couch of painted soft damask;  
But joy can furnish any nest  
    With comforts good as in the best.



## TRIFLES

The tares that thrust intruding feet  
Into the sacred courts of wheat.



## EPITAPH TO MY VERSES

JAGOS of a foolish fancy born,  
The dust of thoughts well worthy in  
themselves,

In mills of diction all their *flower* is shorn,  
For thoughts are modest, uncommitting  
elves.

And, after reading, if a fate forlorn  
You deem deserved, with care place on  
your shelves,  
And dust return to dust. And o'er them  
write:—

Tuned by a traveller whom *roams* inspired,  
But Nero-like no nearer fame, though light  
Of *burning energy* by impulse fired  
Illumed the path ambition made so bright.

## OUR INHERITANCE

DAME NATURE willed a wreath to men,  
One side she wove of poppies red,  
Dear consolation's sign ; and then  
    The other bound with brambles dread,  
That wear insignia of remorse.  
Capricious maid, she knew not of its force,  
For poppies soon will disappear and fade,  
But brambles do perennial life parade.

## THE SHEARS OF ATROPOS

SOME lives should think it a blessed thing  
That shears that cut their string  
Are not the kind for button-holes!  
That she don't measure by their souls  
And cut to fit what they put in!

## MY FIREPLACE

MY warmest and my truest friend,  
How oft we sit together,  
With sparkling dialogue defend  
'Gainst critic's chilling weather.

I oft have tendered you my rhyme,  
Afraid to show another;  
When I to comic verse would climb  
I feared that you would smother;

Or some sarcastic ode relieved  
You grew so cold and gloomy,  
Although "put out," I most believed  
You but moaned the lost fame with me.

## SAMBO'S TROUBLES

“NOW Liza, jus’ you listen  
Till I’s told dis story you,  
Listen car’ful so’s you’ll hear,  
For it beat me, ‘deed it do.

“Las’ night I druv de massa  
To de lectur’ in de hall;  
‘Now, Sambo,’ says de massa,  
‘Har’s some money, you come, too.’

“So’s I went in to hear dat man,  
An’ hars him talk such stuff  
Dat ’fore he fru dis nigga say:  
‘Jus’ let me go, I’s hed enuff.’

“But massa say dat I no go,  
So’s I listen, scared clean fru,  
For dat ol’ man he do talk so  
’Bout things on arth and things below.

“He 'tol us 'bout the Atom  
Infinit and could n't be seen,  
All things, includin' Adam,  
Done start by dat same thing.

“When I druv de massa home  
I looks out very car'ful like,  
Fo' he said dat Atoms roam  
In eb'ry thing we see.

“I went to bed, but I 's no sleep,  
So 's out I got my bigges' gun  
An' sets me up a guard to keep  
(With plenty room so 's I could run).

“Las' sees an objict I  
Jus' like dat Atom looks;  
I fired de gun and 't aint no lie,  
I runs like sixty, dat did I.

“Arly in de mornin'  
Comes de massa dredful mad,  
For his bestes' Sunda' jacket  
Shot to pieces dat I hed.

“But I doan quite see fru it,  
Fo' de fust thing dat he say,—  
'Sec, you crazy lump of ebonit,  
My bestes' coat ALL IN ATOMS  
LAY!' ”

## THE LITERATURE OF THE SEA-BEACH

(To my reader: I have not my dictionary at hand, but I take "Literature" as being the noun formed from the verb "to litter," and meaning "that which is strewn.")

I SEE while strolling o'er the beach such  
sights  
As call forth memories of my books.  
The spider-crab a monster e'en me frights,  
What an ideal Iago he looks!  
And by some chance near-by a toad-fish lies,  
To fancy quick the story flies  
That gnome of Notre-Dame conception  
gives,  
A homelier creature scarce there lives,  
Yet character from form is ne'er designed.  
And frightfully near my foot I find  
An old wax doll that moves and tries to rise!  
Is Frankenstein before mine eyes?  
'T is but a frozen crab thrown on the strand,  
Near covered by the doll and sand,  
And waxing warm within his forcèd grave

In *crabbèd* humor seeks escape.  
Some wave has broken in a sand-bank, too,  
And *dollars* lie in piles around;  
If Holmes were only here to catch a clew,  
If all the proofs were not now drowned!  
And that? Why Harum must have been  
around;  
The *trade-winds* have a sea-horse thrown  
In stormy weather on the eager ground,  
It lies as still now as a stone.  
And many more books might I lay indeed  
Upon the *shelving* beach, but I prefer  
That you, too, go and see what you can read.  
So go to sea, for there occur  
The objects bathed in mystery, and all  
Can tell a tale if you but read.  
Forgotten study, too, they may recall,  
All in their wise but silent creed.  
'T is why from frequent educating talks,  
I call my "Litter-at-your-Walks."

## LOGARITHMS

MY lumbering mind can woo not thee,  
O maid of mighty mind,  
My efforts are declined.  
My versing must entirely be  
To scan the light log-rhythms  
Of high holes' timèd beat.

## ODE TO JOHN JONES .

“JOHN JONES? Yeah, thet 's my name,  
and uf the same  
I hev a son, a right smart un,  
Who 's allers writin' po'ms ; wal, I doan claim  
Ter know a nothin' 'bout sich things, but  
my son  
Wus called one day while writin' and I jist  
peeked  
Ter see what sort uf stuff it wus. What  
wus 't  
Yer say? Ha! Ha!  
But he 's my son, a right smart un.

Wal, shinin' brightly frum thet paper top  
These wurdz so full uf feelin' I hed ter stop  
An' shed a tear, the same I hev' nt done  
Since Dolly died. But, stranger, he 's my  
son.

He writ “Ode to John Jones,” thet 's me!  
you see,  
His father, me! I did n't read no more,

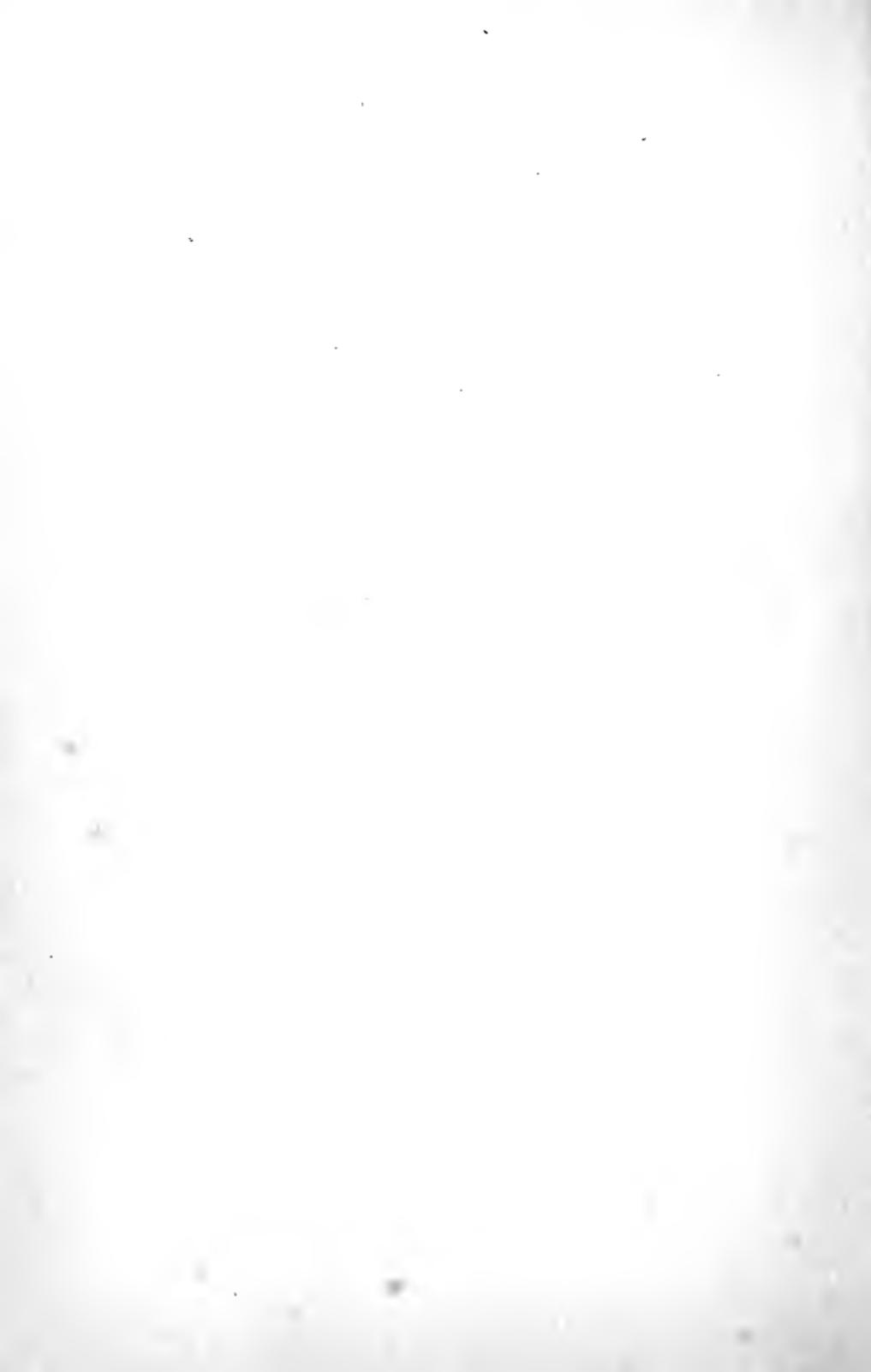
But saw the wurds "Hayseed" and "Pop,"  
    bless me  
He jist meant "crop," and "Hayseed 's" jist  
    his farmin' lore.

I tell yer, stranger, if all sons but knowed  
Jist all that they to their fathers ode,  
How happy men would be! And I 'm so  
    proud

About thet son (sich a smart un)  
Thet seems I must jist tell it to the crowd.

I hope when John hes got a son  
He too will 'preciate what my son owns,  
The orful lot thet he "ode to John Jones."

THE END.













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